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A DECLARATION OF INTENT

THE statements addressed by modificationists to the House Judiciary Committee in its hearings on prohibition cannot be dismissed as a recital of grievances. They make up the weightiest offensive ever launched against prohibition; an attack, not merely on the principles underlying it, but on those which have been developed to preserve it during the last ten years. Certainly the drys have managed to win very numerous recruits by claiming the prosperity of the last decade as the natural effect of prohibition, neglecting all the accidental circumstances which projected us as the dominant financial power of the world: the war, the concentration of European attention upon problems of reconstruction, the rise of the automobile and steel industries—things which had their roots well down into the years preceding the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. To overlook these circumstances made a false argument, but a persuasive slogan. And so the definitions of prohibition were changed. It was no longer a social reform principally; it was an industrial pick-me-up. Or, where that title was not expedient, it was both an economic and a social experiment. And the most effective way of defending it was to thunder "traitor" at all who opposed it; to class with the boot-

leggers and racketeers who were passionately devoted to it all citizens who were its critics.

To assume that the average citizen has more money in his pocket because of prohibition is to assume that drinking has been stopped. To say that workmen are more efficient under the Volstead Act is to pay a compliment to the virtues of home brew and dago red. Mr. Robert K. K. Cassatt, Philadelphia banker, told the Committee that neither he nor any of his acquaintances see any connection between industrial progress and prohibition. Even if there were, as Father John A. Ryan did not hesitate to point out, the principle of sacrificing personal control for wealth is hardly an admirable one. But prohibition has failed to prohibit, and as General Atterbury said, it has failed because of developments unforeseen in 1918: the widespread cultivation of an art of home brewing; the development of a bootlegging industry, involving an alliance between agents of the law and "the most recklessly criminal section of the population"; the temptations to official corruption, and the revolt of youth. In ten years we have seen the rise of the generation which was to have been first heir to the estate of prohibition, and it has not fallen on its knees in thanksgiving. None

are more determined to resist, or more successful in avoiding prohibition than those who were too young both to vote and to drink in 1918. They have never accepted the experiment and they never will.

The hearings were impressive in another way, not only because of the prominence of the witnesses, but because of the range of interests which they represented. Here were the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a banker, a professor of sociology, the drier chief of police Chicago has ever had, the head of the Cook County Psychopathic Hospital, three attorneys, and many others. These men are not professional agitators. Directly or indirectly, they are not on the payrolls of a political organization. No one of them has a personal stake in the modification or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. They seek it because they are tired of the hypocrisy of prohibition. Experiments in the legislative rule of life appeal to them about as much as experiments in suicide. In their "conscience and judgment" this law "invades personal liberty"; they have no course but "to petition in public and in principle to get it repealed." As to the ineffectiveness and injustice of prohibition, we have had testimony before this from every sphere of American activity; but it remained for the recent hearings to demonstrate how representative of all our interests that testimony is. Even wets who have been saying much the same things over and over again must have been startled at the impact of these combined statements. Is it not possible that in these hearings we have seen the countless but scattered expressions of dissatisfaction united and clarified in a declaration of intent?

WEEK BY WEEK

FOR the week past, delegates to the London Conference must have found the city quiet and uneventful. Doubtless those who had never seen the Tower

Restful London listened carefully to the guides through that fine old memorial. Others probably went in quest of a Shavian autograph. In so far as the little matter of reducing the number of ships is concerned, how-

ever, there was an almost complete lull. Rumors that the meeting would end with a three-power pact were set afoot and then sturdily denied. Indications that M. Briand would appear to make a plea for the security-pact idea were likewise dispelled by a change in the political weather. France, having tied the Conference into a knot, proceeded to put itself in a state of governmental coma. We feel relatively sure, evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, that Briand will eventually journey to London, insist that "policies" are quite as important as ships, and engineer some kind of "regional security pact" which everybody will sign despite a few qualifications on the part of the United States. That has been the normal trend of European diplomacy during the past decade and there is no immediately discernible reason why it should break off now.

IF THE ways of Soviet Russia are devious, one must admit that they are trodden relentlessly. The correspondent of the United Press secured from Alexis Rykov, president of the Council of Commissars, a statement explaining that religious persecution in Russia is not merely a myth but actually

impossible. Anybody may believe anything, this proponent of revolution declared, although the teaching power is lodged entirely with the government. In so far as closed churches are concerned, they are merely buildings which the local authorities have agreed to devote to other purposes. Rykov failed, it is true, to specify what the government teaches or how the "local authorities" arrive at their decision. These omissions have been supplied by Father Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., replying to Rykov in the New York Telegram. "The Soviet government in 1925 founded the Association of the Godless," said Father Walsh, "which has prepared 250,000 skilled propagandists who operate under the ministry of public instruction through the schools, trade-unions and the army, seeking to penetrate into every home." But since even this campaign of enlightenment failed to impress everybody of that "great truth of science," man's descent from a monkey, the government laid hands upon a long list of victims whose crime was to have faith in God. What a curious war for "science"! It is quite as if the Council of Commissars were bent on proving that man has descended not from a monkey but from the crocodile, the vulture and some prehistoric monster now comfortably forgotten.

IF STALIN thinks it necessary to warn his party against overconfidence and to condemn party members who "fail to realize the necessity of consolidating our present achievements in collectivization," we may take it as a definite sign that the peasant hostility to the campaign for a complete socialization of agricultural holdings has not been less widespread or grave than it has been described in the foreign news. For earlier this winter, Stalin's own attitude was that of the party members whom he now dismisses as "adventurous." Then he declared for the liquidation of the property owning peasantry "as a class," and certainly his policy through January and February showed that he meant just that. Only 50 percent of the peasantry are now on collectivized farms; but he finds it impractical to push the program further at present, especially since it would mean organization of the backward and remote regions where conditions are "unfavorable." But what is especially remarkable is the statement that "we cannot collectivize farms by force. Healthy collectivization must be based upon the active support of the peasantry." An enlightened policy, surely, but not one which sounds like the Stalin of the last year. It will be interesting to see how long it will hold good.

NEWs that Cardinal Raphael Merry del Val died suddenly following an operation was more than relatively a shock. Only sixty-five, he seemed vigorous and alert, interested in the affairs of tomorrow as deeply as he had ever been in those of the past. The importance of his work as secretary of the Congregation of the Holy Office and the breadth of his knowledge have kept him one of the most famous personages in Rome, though he will of course continue to be identified primarily with the reign of Pius X. When he was permanently appointed Secretary of State in 1903, Cardinal Merry del Val was the most cosmopolitan prelate in a cosmopolitan Church. Of mingled Irish and Spanish descent, he was educated at Stonyhurst by the English Jesuits and at home by a family inured to the customs of international diplomacy. In several respects he astonished Rome by his eagerness to utilize modern devices like the telephone and even to participate in modern sports like golf. It is said that Pope Pius X, so lovably simple in his personal life, never tired of observing the activities of his accomplished Cardinal. The central incident in his career as a papal diplomat was the breaking off of relations with the French government. This resulted in the Law of Separation, in the alienation of church property, and in the dissolution of religious orders. It is still too early to judge definitely of this event. Most historians feel, however, that the Vatican had been misled by agents who failed to secure adequate information regarding the drift of affairs, and that French anticlericals would have insisted upon a triumph under any circumstances. Cardinal Merry del Val remained loyal to the purposes of the era of Pio Decimo. His daily Mass was celebrated at the tomb of this humble pontiff, to which a crowd of simple Romans likewise came in a spirit of reverential pilgrimage.

WITHIN the past decade the radio has been recognized as one of the most effective mediums for the dissemination of news and information. It is a happy circumstance, therefore, that the National Council of Catholic Men has been able to utilize a nation-wide network for a weekly hour as a Catholic contribution to the religious and spiritual life of America. His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, in inaugurating the feature on March 3, placed a proper emphasis on its purpose when he stated that it "is not to triumph nor to boast, not to attack nor to blame but to serve. And in the measure that it serves, and only in that measure, will it succeed. With us and by us, it is intended to convey the revealed teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ, the one Saviour for all mankind." Judging from the various directors and committees appointed, the programs are assured a religious and cultural success. Financially the National Council, which secures the use of the National Broadcasting Company facilities without cost, will be burdened with the necessity of

keeping up a high standard of program and a staff to answer the many inquiries expected as a result of the weekly talks. The funds available will insure the continuance of the hour for the greater part of the year. It is to be hoped that American Catholics will promptly realize the importance of this fine work and guarantee its permanence.

THE National Education Association plans to appoint a commission to investigate the application of radio to teaching. That this new physical miracle is "a powerful instrument of education, of far-reaching importance," with possibilities of "enriching and supplementing the work of schools in many directions," is of course true. But these possibilities will not necessarily be realized merely by meeting the Association's first and most obvious stipulation: that educational broadcasting be free from "all advertising, commercial and propaganda features." Even programs conforming perfectly to "the same impartial tests as texts" will still be only experiments from the viewpoint of teaching technique. There will still remain the problem of adjusting them to known psychological requirements. For the danger of all such devices is that they tend to produce mere passive receptivity. Children are more and more "exposed," as some critics complain, to the mere processes of education. Knowledge is poured into them in more and more ways, but unless they can be brought to welcome it alertly, appropriate it, actively make it their own, it is largely wasted. When air lectures are so incorporated with sound classroom practice as to stimulate this positive attention, they will indeed justify the Association's present confident hopes. The experiment is well worth making. It should have a real measure of success, if the experimenters continue to remember that no device is a substitute for mental activity.

THE first objection which everyone should raise to the bill for establishing quotas on immigrants from other American countries is that it proposes to limit the number of arrivals from Canada. We can see that such a rule might be welcomed by labor in the northern tier of states, and we can see that it might help the authorities to check the smuggling of aliens into this country by giving them a closer control over border movements. But these advantages are not great enough to justify the abandonment of our tradition of an unrestricted migration of nationals. Under that tradition the United States and Canada have developed an understanding and sympathy which cannot be duplicated in the history of nations. It seems to us that this sympathy is worth preserving. The quota proposed is four times the number of persons leaving the United States to reside in Canada in 1929, but it does not matter whether this is small or large. If it were sixteen times greater, Canadians would still

The Catholic
Radio Hour

Quota for
Canadians

find in the bill something unflattering. It would be strange if the United States should offer this offense, for while we may have suffered occasionally from the unrestricted border, Canada has certainly not been without cause for complaint.

AGREE with it or not, you are likely to concede that Professor Irving Fisher's analysis of present business and financial conditions in a new book entitled *The Stock Market Crash and After* (The Macmillan Company) is the most complete yet made. It ends on a characteristic note of optimism. Professor Fisher maintains that the "general plateau of the stock market" remains more than 50 percent higher than it was in 1926, that stable money has promoted business, that investing in common stocks is safer than ever before, and that the effects of the crash were "largely psychological." He commends the efficaciousness of Mr. Hoover's remedy "which consisted chiefly of reassurance." Then there is just this addendum: "The only fly in the ointment is the danger in a few years of gold shortage and long gradual deflation like the deflations after the Civil War and after the Napoleonic Wars. And even this danger may be averted if wise banking policies and gold control are adopted in time. For the immediate future, at least, the outlook is bright." If this is less true than we should like it to be, there is nevertheless some value in psychological credit.

THE founder of England's new United Empire party, Lord Beaverbrook, may be merely trying to create news to boost the circulation of his own papers. The suggestion has not been lacking in recent criticisms. Or he may honestly believe that free trade among the dominions, combined with a tariff stiff-arm for the rest of the world, is desirable and feasible. We do not profess to know his motives (his judgment is not here in question) and in admiring the latest protest against his policy, we speak not as partizans but as journalists. Journalists everywhere, we should think—even those sold, heart and soul, on imperial economic union—must feel a thrill of exultation at the action of the English *Saturday Review*. Recently the editors of this weekly, which is officially Conservative with overtones of progressivism, published a severe criticism of Lord Beaverbrook's new party. Almost immediately afterward the board of directors, who had fully countenanced the editorial, woke up to find that their opinions had changed. They had seen the Beaverbrook light over night, and had become United Imperialists en masse. Such dramatic conversions occasionally do take place in the journalistic world, but the editorial staff of the *Saturday Review* declined to accept this one with philosophy. They walked out, to a man. Fleet Street, says the despatch, regards the wholesale resignation as "a remarkable

gesture in behalf of independent journalism." Fleet Street is right. A body of men who will give up their jobs rather than reverse their published views does honor to us all.

IF THE universities can do anything about it, coming generations will not be without trained public servants. For several years Georgetown and Grooming Southern California have taught the gentle art of foreign diplomatic service for the and their graduates are at present trekking from Cairo to Auckland. Now comes Princeton with the announcement of a school of public and international affairs, which will seek to train young men "for active participation in public life." The results will, no doubt, be very interesting. Study of history, economics and political science has placed at the world's disposal a vast amount of knowledge which ought to be utilized practically. A youngster who wrestles with it in the hope of some day helping society to conduct its business efficiently ought to get very much farther than someone who takes a purely theoretical interest in the matter. And while one observes no tendency on the part of the public to favor well-instructed candidates for office, it is hardly beyond the realm of the credible to suppose that there may be a change of heart. Who knows but what the triumphant slogan of future runners for governor may be: "I studied at Princeton." The idea is one which some Catholic university might well take up with the idea of encouraging participation in civic service.

ALMOST simultaneous with the appointment of Mr. Hughes to the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Toronto Ontario's was celebrating the eighty-sixth birthday of Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario. Birthday luncheons are no rarity but the Toronto one in its great outpouring of respect and admiration for a statesman, financier, jurist and educator found uniqueness in the address of its honored guest. Sir William is probably better known in the United States in his capacity as chancellor of the University of Toronto, that institution which affiliates with itself various religious universities in mutual helpfulness without sacrifice of their individual systems of history and philosophy. In this merging of common interests, he played a prominent part so that it is not surprising to find him, on his birthday, voicing a catholicity of ideas which places him in the leading ranks of public men today. Catholics and those who revolt against modern materialism will imbibe fresh enthusiasm in his comment on the religious war in Russia: "Canada is Christian. . . It is, I think, the duty of Canada not to remain silent, but . . . to take the lead, if needs be, in arousing other nations, and thus to produce a world opinion that man is subject to divine laws. Such action will become known to the suffering Russian

people and may give them such courage and unconquerable determination as with God's help will result in overthrowing the rule of those who deny the monarchy of God and would make a hell of this earthly paradise."

AS EVERYBODY who knows the inside facts of the publishing business is aware, the Literary Digest is much more than simply a highly popular review of public opinion. Reaching as it does, literally by the millions, the most representative class of the American public—the old-line, traditional, native stock—including hundreds of thousands of professional men and women, it has solidly established itself as a weather bureau for registering the movements of public opinion in advance of their outward manifestations in the polling booth. But it differs from the weather bureau in the fact that it is invariably correct in its forecasts. At least, this has been the case right along until now, when it is stirring the whole country with its poll of 20,000,000 citizens on the subject of prohibition. Time after time, with what might be termed scientific accuracy, it has broadcast in advance the outcome of presidential elections. Its most sensational achievement was in 1928, when it amazed even the most hopeful Republicans and dumbfounded the Democrats by foretelling the defection of several southern states from their hitherto rock-bound allegiance to the Democratic party.

THERE is, for these reasons, a particular significance in the present poll on prohibition. It is doubtless safe to say that by far the great majority of the Literary Digest's public was solidly for prohibition in the beginning of the ignoble experiment; and probably a great part of that public still maintains its allegiance. But the very fact that the Digest has taken up this subject is the clearest possible proof that there must be a revolutionary reversal of prohibition sentiment throughout the country. This journal does not pretend to anything like the scientific accuracy of the Digest, with its enormous and well-tried system of reaching the public; but we will hazard a prophecy that the Digest's poll will result in showing that a great majority of the 20,000,000 voters canvassed will register their belief that it is time to go back to a saner system of controlling drink than the rigid one of national prohibition.

AS FATHER Michael J. Mahoney, S.J. said in opening the spring conferences at Fordham University Church, the indifference to religion in the modern world is due not so much to the inaccessibility of the public to religious teaching as it is to a confusion of purpose and lack of certitude. Whatever the reason, that indifference has the most far-reaching consequences; it affects us all disastrously. "There will be no peace until there will be peace established in the souls of men." To relieve this confusion cannot be the

work of a small group of men; it is work for everyone everywhere. But the Fordham conferences are doing their share of it handsomely. Two notable lectures by Father Mahony are evidence that this spring session will ably follow up the work of its predecessor: a third will conclude his summary of the modern revolts, and Father Joseph A. Murphy, S.J. will follow with his series on humanism. Amid so much that is contradictory and but ill understood, these conferences are providing an opportunity for all who are interested to seek direction. Such opportunities are not many, and it is to be hoped that full advantage will be taken of this one. Invitations may be obtained at Fordham University, the Bronx, or Room 750, Woolworth Building.

MR. HOOVER TODAY

IT WAS fairly easy to predict, when Mr. Hoover took office a year ago, that the Presidency would turn out to be a problem. He had forged to victory as the great conservator of a position to which the nation had attained in the post-war decade and from which his countrymen had no desire to recede. His personality and his utterances pledged him to the status quo as not merely desirable but also continuable. The Republican emphasis was laid, as any reader of campaign oratory could see, less upon achievement than upon the future. Tomorrow was the main topic of conversation. Why not maintain an administration which had proved its skill? Because they stressed this central plea so firmly, spokesmen for Mr. Hoover could afford to sidestep contingent issues—prohibition, the status of farm industry, international relations—regarding which the public was in some measure bothered.

The new President began well, revealing himself as a master of a certain kind of tactics. His attentiveness to Latin-American conditions; his development of the commission as a means of getting through some portions of the executive business; his strong appeal for obedience to the law—all these gave evidence of a forceful personality anxious to promote the nation's welfare. One might disagree with some of his views but there was no doubting the reasoned character of Mr. Hoover's own attitude. Then something happened. It is too early to state what this was, but a guess is in order. The administration, like the country at large, was committed to the belief that industrial leadership, in control of grand-scale enterprise, remained the arbiter of national policy. One event after another proved how close was the association between the government and big business. Convinced as we are that many powerful American industrialists are unselfishly interested in the welfare of their country, we find nothing abnormal in this association. But sometimes—as witness the Shearer incident, the tariff conferences and the sugar lobby—seamy aspects of the relationship revealed themselves to a citizenry always disposed to be critical.

Thus an opportunity was afforded another kind of leader, committed to agricultural and other groups only nominally in sympathy with the administration program. The return to power of the Borah-Norris-Brookhart alliance is certainly a major political phenomenon. Assigned rôles as more or less complacent camp-followers during the campaign, these eminent senators came to the inaugural ball looking very like lambs. Mr. Hoover, however, seems to have been unaware of what to do with them. Was it lack of inclination or of ability? Whatever interpretation be accepted, the President appears unable to cope with the Borahs on their own territory. They are great talkers, diplomats of the ballot, masters of political ruse. Mr. Hoover is an engineer, who never tries even a bad joke, who cannot invent a phrase and whose mistakes as a politician are innumerable. At any rate, the Borahs began to emerge. They talked. In six or seven weeks they had tied the tariff into a knot, refusing to the President not merely the power of revision he had sought but all right to intervene as the rightful master of debate. With genuine cleverness they harassed the White House with details of prohibition enforcement until Mr. Hoover, who had ventured to anneal obedience to Volsteadism with elemental respect for law, was reduced to a position of hiding behind the Wickersham commission.

Then the precious jar of prosperity was left overnight without a lid, and the contents evaporated. Evidences of trifling with this most precious of the nation's possessions were not lacking, but the suddenness of the disaster was nevertheless amazing. It is easy to reason that since the administration had effected an alliance with industrial leadership it should have been able to take some preventive action. Unfortunately all such arguments are basically unsound. Business, like a radio set, operates on "juice," and when this had been turned off the wheels stood still. The causes of financial decline are as yet obscure, but doubtless they were already embryonically present when Mr. Hoover came into office—if, indeed, they must not be traced back to the moment when Adam left Paradise. Whatever we may say, the fact remains that prosperity is always only relative. The people of the United States enjoy, even in periods of depression, an economic security to which the peoples of England or France do not so much as aspire. Our standard of living constantly tends back toward the world average; and it is a herculean job to keep it even a little higher when fortuitous circumstances do not lend their aid.

Who can doubt that the administration did everything possible to minimize the evil effects? The President himself took several energetic steps, authorizing a tax reduction which now seems endangered, however, by accelerating national expenditures. Industrial leadership helped as best it could, the decision of the New York banking pool to take up the slack in stocks being, perhaps, the most notable single deed. Of course no power in the world could have made actual wealth

equal previous speculative assumptions. There has been a general decline in all productive activity, with the bulkier industries leading the procession. But though the recession in automotive, building and similar demands has resulted in a considerable amount of unemployment, farm business is still harder hit than industry. The prices of wheat, other grains, cotton and even butter have skidded catastrophically. Thus the major problem of Mr. Hoover's administration may well be, after all, the farm problem. And no solution yet advanced is adequate, because none envisages as a whole the tremendous complex of overproductive land and unorganized management. It may be that the outcome will be affected by some minor happening. The longer feminine skirt is hailed as a godsend by the textile manufacturers. Who knows but what some still unimaginable vogue of a fuller feminine form may restore the prestige of candy, butter and eggs?

For the moment, it is for some such eventuality that the President must hope. Coming when it did, the decline added immeasurably to the aggressiveness of his foes. It rallied to their support a tremendous amount of dissatisfaction and criticism, based largely on an obsession of presidential omniscience which had obviously not been dispelled by campaign propaganda. Mr. Hoover is in genuine danger of becoming a silent and forgotten man, obscured by the trend of events and the glamour of his senatorial neighbors. We believe this would be exceedingly regrettable. Whatever may be his limitations, the President is possibly the most competent and national-minded among Washington politicians. He has the desire to work hard, to advance the common good, to satisfy in so far as he can the legitimate demands of his countrymen. Nor has leadership ever been placed profitably in the hands of Congress. Why not send the President on another speaking tour, giving him the opportunity to address his fellow-men in terms which might have seemed injudicious while the vote gathering was in progress?

Or is there a fatality which decrees that, ever so often, a chief executive is destined to see his fondest hopes blighted? We have said previously that the naval disarmament conference, now engaging the attention of so many journalists in London, might result in the kind of triumph Mr. Hoover needs. But the discussion has worried and dribbled along until there is virtually no chance for accomplishing anything unless (irony of fate!) Aristide Briand should manage to inject new life into the veins of what has become a very old body. Cutting down the bill for ships would help the administration in many ways. But most especially it would strike a note of advancement, of idealism, which the music of government, grown far too stodgy and materialistic, needs badly if it hopes to keep the ear of the nation. Possibly the besetting sin of Republicanism has been too much matter-of-factness, too much comfort in dollar bills. And for all sins penance is exacted.

Places and Persons

WASHINGTON CROSSES THE RIO GRANDE

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

YEARS and years and years ago (so many that I shall not say how many) I first saw that mystery which is Mexico. It was on Washington's birthday. I had adventured from San Antonio to Laredo, the little Texas city on the Rio Grande which recently came into such notoriety through the efforts of its district attorney, John A. Valls, to arrest Elias Plutarco Calles on a murder charge.

The occasion of my visit to the little and far-away city on the Rio Grande years ago was the celebration at that place of the last cattle-roping contest permitted by the laws of Texas. That strange ferment of hazy humanitarianism and desire to impose blue-law morality upon other people which later on brought the Antisaloon League and other organizations into the high places of power in this republic was even then at work in Texas. So the state legislature thought that the cruelty said to be incidental to the highly popular sport of cattle-roping must be done away with by law; and so it was done. Just before the law went into effect, however, the legislators felt that they might as well have as much fun as possible out of the situation; just as so many of them have done and continue to do in the greater instance of prohibition. The whole Texas legislature put itself into motion and moved upon Laredo. So did all the champion riders and ropethrowers not only of Texas but of all the Southwest. So did the leading vacqueros of Mexico. The prizes were high, but only a side issue to the betting.

The sport itself was simple, yet like many other simple forms of art it was capable of producing moments of the highest excitement, and splendid pictures of heroic beauty. The liveliest steers from half a hundred ranches were concentrated in corrals near the grounds chosen for the contest: simply a portion of the tremendous prairie which stretched northward, eastward and westward for hundreds of fenceless miles. One by one the long-horned, well-muscled steers would be released, and given about a hundred yards start of the pursuing horseman. Then amid yells and the staccato barking of revolvers, a rider would go forward on his pony in pursuit. Occasionally, the hectic excitement in the air—the dry champagne air of Texas surcharged with sun-smitten dust and electrical with masculine excitement—would fail to penetrate the lethargy of the steer, who instead of acting his proper part would behave like some maiden cow on a placid farm of the North. But mostly the steers became possessed of a devil: a raging, running, leaping, dodging, fiery devil. Then the horseman and his horse had their work cut out for them. I saw riding such as I had never dreamed possible—such as the standardized and

commercialized rodeos which became fashionable in later years never provided. The time usually consumed from when the horseman swept his pony forward, until he had accomplished his task of catching the steer, lassoing it, capsizing it, then leaping to its head and tying its feet together, was rarely more than a minute and a half to two minutes. Sometimes, however, the tying was done insecurely, and the steer would struggle or leap to its feet again, amid the frantic profanity of the horseman, the disappointed howls of those who had backed him with their good money, and the delirious roars of laughter of those who had bet against him. I shall never forget one splendid vacquero: a fat man, who, while in the saddle, despite his plump curves, seemed part of the horse he rode, and whose silver buttons and scarlet waistband and black velvet coat and ten-gallon hat, would have made the fortune of any wild western movie hero of these latter years. He rode like a flashing, fantastic centaur. He caught the swift steer he was chasing in double-quick time, threw his lariat from a great distance, as if in mere bravado, neatly threw the plunging beast—but then his show went wrong. When he dismounted, his fat played him false. He did not move quickly or expertly enough, and the steer arose, shook himself, and galloped away. The Mexican lifted both hands toward an implacable heaven and then clenched his fists and shook them in the face of the powers which had deserted him in the moment of his triumph.

During the noon interval, while the barbecue fires were smoldering, and the corn liquor was circulating, and half a thousand lusty men were eating and drinking and excitedly discussing the events of the morning, I strolled across the sun-drenched solitude, and passing through one or two of the little dusty streets of Laredo, walked out upon the long bridge that connects the Texas city with Neuces Laredo, or New Laredo, the small Mexican town on the opposite bank.

Those were the days when Porfirio Diaz still reigned in Mexico, and his sure-shooting, hard-riding rurales kept the law of the dictator very thoroughly throughout the length and breadth of Mexico. Foreign capital was pouring into the country. James Creelman had not yet published the famous interview with Diaz which released the forces of revolution. John Kenneth Turner had not yet written *Barbarous Mexico*, and exposed the misery of the peons which was being fermented by the diabolism of revolutionists-for-revolution's-sake, but which, nevertheless, despite all the exaggerations of the extreme radicals, cried to heaven for vengeance.

The two municipalities had planned a joint celebra-

tion of Washington's birthday. Across the bridge in Mexico they were holding a bull-fight. I wanted to see that bull-fight; but my job as a newspaperman was to report the historic closing scenes of cattle-roping in Texas. So I could not go over into Mexico; all that I could do was to gaze upon that monstrous desolation of the Rio Grande, by the little group of adobe houses which represented Neuces Laredo, and the quivering desert beyond, and the blue, towering mountains in the dim distance.

Then I saw something queer. I noticed that there was a line of white buoys stretching at intervals of some fifty yards or so across the brown Rio Grande. On the Mexican side there was a boat pushing out. I stared with uncomprehending amazement. It was long before the days when even in the remotest places you might come upon the movie people doing their stuff. What, then, could this be? Then, apparently without a soul except myself and a small group on the Mexican bank looking on, the boat slowly moved toward the American side. In the bow stood a small figure, one white-trousered leg clad in a riding boot held stiffly on the side of the boat, arms crossed with severe dignity across the little chest, the chest itself covered with a brave blue coat with long tails, and on the head a cocked military hat. Others in the boat were somewhat similarly attired. Comprehension came. This was Washington crossing the Delaware! The bobbing buoys on the brown breast of the Rio Grande represented the traditional blocks of ice of the wintry Delaware. The Mexicans were illustrating their knowledge of gringo history and their deep sympathy with the father of his country. And it was too bad that their audience was so slender and that the more rousing attractions of the cattle contest put a crimp in the show.

But that did not seem to matter. They were artists creating art for its own sake. They were patriots illustrating the high pageantry of revolutionary history. Never have I seen such dignity as in that Mexican Washington, who perhaps stood five-feet-two in his high-heeled boots.

Since that day so long ago, Washington—or the influence of official Washington—has crossed and recrossed the Rio Grande and other routes into Mexico. It was not so long after that particular Washington birthday when again I was in Mexico, this time in Juarez, opposite El Paso, the day after the battle in which Francisco Madero and Francisco Villa had defeated the federal garrison, and thus opened the way for the success of the Madero revolution. I interviewed the strange little figure, on the upper step of the house in which he had just held a conference with Villa and others of the leaders. There had been a quarrel among them, and an effort was made to arrest Madero. The plaza was filled with the mixed followers of the various factions. Madero leaped upon the seat of an automobile and harangued the crowd. The cocking of rifles and revolvers sounded like the racket of riveting machines. An American doctor serv-

ing with the rebels grabbed me and told me to beat it as soon as possible.

But I had a wife to find before I could follow the kindly doctor's advice. She had been swept out of sight in the whirling mob. Meanwhile, being for a minute or two unable to move, I listened to Madero, the American doctor freely translating. It was splendid stuff. Madero was a fanatic. It seems to be certain that later on he tried to run his government with the aid of spiritualistic mediums. He was a vague dreamer; undoubtedly sincere in his democratic aspirations; but like so many others of the accidental leaders of democratic movements, quite devoid of a grasp on the realities of life. But he was a brave man. He dominated that crowd. He carried it in his direction away from the scowling Villa. "Shoot me if you like," he cried, slapping himself on his chest with a gesture that recalled the heroic little figure crossing the Rio Grande, "but with me you kill free Mexico!" He won the day; only himself to go down before a bullet later on.

Soon afterward, again I was in Mexico, this time with Obregon's army when he was invading Mazatlan. Going into the interior, I visited a little mining town, behind which there was a mountain range whose silhouette against the sky was like a carved monumental face many miles long and a mile or two high. I have forgotten the Mexican name for that mountain, but roughly translated it would mean, the Sleeping Indian. And the legend was that when the time for Mexico to break the bondage of Spanish or any foreign rule had come, the sleeping Indian would awake.

Well, that is what seems to have happened. Anybody who reads Ernest Gruening's book, *Mexico and Its Heritage*, and several other recent works on Mexico, or who has any first-hand knowledge of our neighbor to the south, must know that the people truly are awake. Gruening and others of his school of thought blame a great deal of the misery of the people upon the Catholic Church. Unfortunately, he relies mostly upon utterly biased testimony; although, of course, the Church has had its human failures who have made mistakes, and upon whom must rest some of the responsibility for the misery of Mexico. But it may be held for certain by anybody who knows even a little of the truth about Mexico, that if the present government ties itself up too tightly with the economic and political power of the United States, again there will be trouble south of the Rio Grande. Washington indeed may cross the Rio Grande, but it must not carry economic imperialism, or materialism, or political methods well enough adapted north of that river, but utterly futile to the south of it. Washington, by which, of course, I mean the American people, and more particularly the Catholic portion of the American people, can and should help the Mexicans; but not by forcing our own ideas upon them. Mexico for the Mexicans; and always for the Mexicans, the Catholic faith. That is the only formula in which there is any hope.

TOMORROW IN SPAIN

By E. ALLISON PEERS

WHAT will happen to Spain now that Primo de Rivera's strong hand has thrown down the reins of power? The question is one which Spain itself cannot answer. Guesses are being hazarded freely, but no one who recalls the suddenness of the Russian and the Portuguese revolutions

—or, for that matter, of the Spanish coup d'état of 1923—will care to risk a detailed prophecy. Nor has the precise course of happenings in the immediate future anything like as much interest as their eventual outcome. And this depends ultimately on several basic facts, some of them not as generally known as one could wish, which dominate the situation.

First, to me, as I visit Spain twice yearly, and move about among the Spanish people, the most significant fact is the little interest which they take in politics. Aside from insignificant groups of extremists and a small body of ardent Catalonian patriots, the Spaniards, even in Madrid, their capital, are supremely indifferent to the nature of the constitution and the government. What they ardently desire is material and spiritual progress.

The other day, in a file of Spanish newspapers dated 1838, I came across an article, curiously modern in spirit, entitled Peace and Pesetas! That was the cry of the Spanish people throughout the bitter years of civil war, social stagnation and misgovernment—throughout almost the whole of the nineteenth century. But it was only after the disasters of 1898 that things began to mend. First gradually, then more steeply, rose the curve of Spanish progress. Since the advent of power of Primo de Rivera it has been rising more steeply still. It is likely to rise still further.

That is why, in spite of the dictator's frequent high-handed actions, Spain has been perfectly content to abide him. What matters an occasional outburst of paternal unreasonableness in a prosperous and happy family? Primo had ended the unpopular Moroccan War, turned out the professional politicians, got rid of civil servants who drew salaries without attending their offices, made new roads, improved train communications, increased work, brought about radical and progressive changes in education, and raised continuously (until shortly before his resignation) the value of the peseta, which had been falling since the end of the European war. When Spain's enemies abroad printed maliciously fabricated reports about her, and well-disposed foreigners inquired of Spaniards concerning the truth of them, all the Spaniards would do

That not all news which comes out of Spain during these unsettled days is deserving of implicit faith remains a truth which Americans may profitably absorb. The following paper is written by one who has devoted his time to understanding the life and literature of the Spanish people. It should be read not as a prediction of what will happen but as an analysis of factors which have been operative in recent political and social history. Mr. Peers limits his prophecy to the belief that the Spanish future will mean not violence but a steady trend toward European civilization and prosperity.—The Editors.

was to point to the exchange figures outside their banks and sagely report their proverb: "Don Dinero es el mejor informado"—"The most reliable information comes from Mr. Money."

During March and April, 1929, when the so-called university riots were in progress, I chanced to be lectur-

ing at the University of Madrid, and was thus in the midst of the disturbances. Certain foreign newspapers printed the most ridiculous reports about mounted police charging crowds of turbulent students, and peace-loving English tourists, duly horrified by the reports, canceled their Easter bookings at Seville and spent the vacation in Paris instead. But there never was in Madrid the least commotion that deserved the name of riot. A few hundred students marched through the streets nightly singing songs, and occasionally howling outside the dictator's private residence. Crowds of people watched them, with some interest. An occasional newspaper appealed to them to confine their howling to the streets, lest they should disturb the dictator's household. Groups of police stood about chatting together in the principal thoroughfares ready for duty if they should be needed. But they never were needed.

That was the atmosphere of Madrid at what was considered abroad a time of crisis. There is no reason to believe that it will differ very greatly in the immediate future. While Spain continues to prosper as she is doing at present, there will be no revolution.

But, secondly, Spain, more perhaps than most nations, lives on change and variety, and, though certainly not prepared to get these by violence, is far too individualistic to settle down permanently under a dictatorship. Had Primo de Rivera persisted in power definitely, there is not the slightest doubt that one of the more powerful groups of malcontents would have risked a counterblow against him. He must have realized this himself as well as anybody; for, at first whenever the people seemed restive, and latterly almost week by week, he reiterated his earnest desire and firm intention to quit his self-made position as soon as possible. Like many another of his kind, Primo found power easier to assume than to resign.

But he knew the people he ruled. Not without reason is Spain the scene of that legend which tells how a monarch addressed his faithful subjects from the balcony of the royal palace. He spoke for a quarter of an hour, and they applauded him to the echo. For half an hour, and still they listened attentively. At the

end of an hour there were darkening looks. At the end of two hours, threatening gestures. At the end of three hours, there was an insurrection, and the monarch lost his kingdom.

A third aspect of the situation concerns the throne. There are many republicans in Spain, but a few of them have alienated sympathy by imprudent and somewhat foolish utterances, and, as a body, they have not a great deal of coherence. Further they are not at present unduly impatient. Both with the masses, and with many of the leaders of opinion, the present king is highly popular, as indeed a man of his character, and, above all, of his courage and spirit, deserves to be. Of the convinced anti-monarchists, many believe that the opportune moment for putting their principles into practice will come in the course of time with the end of the present reign. Till then, they are content to wait. And such a policy suits both the temperament and the present feelings of the Spanish people—especially of those of them who can remember, or have heard from their fathers, the events of the short-lived republic of 1873-74.

A final and most significant feature of Spain's present position is the sure, if gradual, progress of her Europeanization. Great Britain is an island, and we Britons have all the innate reserve and all the conservatism of islanders. Spain is a peninsula—and, when I compare my own countrymen with hers, I am sometimes inclined to think that peninsularity is a greater curse than insularity! Louis XIV, that seventeenth-century Canute, had indeed the hardihood to declare, in his omnipotent way: "The Pyrenees are no more." But, as one studies the Englishman, the Frenchman and the Spaniard, one realizes that the Pyrenees have been much more effective as a spiritual and a social barrier than has the English Channel. In the past, with brief intervals of exception, Spain has willingly and of her own choice stood aloof from Europe.

But now all is changing. Every visitor to the peninsula who returns after a period of years notices how the traditional character and the habits of the Spaniard are blending with those of other nations. Superficially, this is most noticeable in the large cities. Madrid has the words "European capital" written all over her. Barcelona, the chief city of Catalonia, always striving to outbuild her Castilian rival, has long since conveyed a similar impression. Seville, especially since the Exhibition, is fast losing her old character; and she is emulating Barcelona and Madrid in providing exhibitions of futbol which are rivaling the peculiarly Andalusian bull-fight. Tourists are no longer tolerated in Spain as an unavoidable nuisance but welcomed as contributors to the ever-growing national prosperity. The most conservative of all the larger Spanish newspapers has now a weekly page, and an occasional "extraordinary number," devoted to turismo; while even upon the humblest villager it seems at least to be dawning that civilization consists in more than the possession of a cinema theatre.

In themselves these changes may appear to be shallow ones and to have no bearing whatever upon the political situation. But there are deeper changes being wrought than these, which may not, it is true, affect the more immediate developments in Spain, but are bound to have an important influence upon the eventual situation resulting from them. The ever-greater prominence given in the Spanish daily paper to European and American news is a sign of the times; the interest being taken in the League of Nations is another. A third is the genuine and growing concern about the many deficiencies which are still existant in all grades of education.

Connected with this is the recent and important innovation providing for university teaching in modern languages and literatures—one of the most characteristic omissions of Spain's past. Those who have followed the course of Spanish progress for the last twenty years know what great work (great in every sense of the word) has been done by the "Junta para Ampliacion de Estudios," that permanent board with which are related, in one way or another, almost all of the progressive educationists of the country. The feminist movement in Spain, too, has grown up with the Junta, and is at this moment closely connected with its progress.

These are the facts which will chiefly count in that future which Spain is slowly forging for herself. These, and the complex Spanish character—that strange admixture of independence and idealism, of the practical, the artistic and the dramatic—are the elements to be reckoned with. And, taking all of them into consideration, I am prepared to prophesy three things about Spain's future. First, that the immediate and important changes shortly to take place will come about quite naturally and without the slightest violence. Second, that their main eventual trend will be to bring Spain into line with other great European countries. Third, and at once most welcome and most certain, that such changes as come will be accompanied by a steadily increasing measure of prosperity.

Stone Is Dust

This is the law:

Out of the crust
Of earth come grass,
A rose, a tree.

Stone is dust
Eventually.

So out of stone
A glowing rose
After countless ages
Grows.

Strange fruit of stone,
Strange, past belief—
This pale, sweet bud,
This living leaf.

ETHEL TURNER.

EVERYBODY PAYS THE DOCTOR

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

IT IS only natural, perhaps, that with incomplete data on which to reason there should be wide diversity of opinion in current discussion of the burden of the cost of medical care in the United States. The diversity of ideas ranges all the way from the opinion of Mr. Edward A. Filene of Boston, that adequate medical care should not only be within reach of all but that the medical business should be profitable, to the implication in the query of Professor Niles Carpenter, a member of the staff of Secretary Wilbur's Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, as to whether or not under the best of circumstances and with all the proposed reforms in hospital management and professional charges the average person of moderate means could pay for his hospital care. Mr. Filene believes that doctors generally are not receiving anything like sufficient pay for their services, while at the same time the public as a rule is paying far too much for the services it receives, and that while the art or science of healing has made great strides the "business of healing" has made none. He believes that not only should the healing business be made profitable but that "We should find a way, if possible, even to make our hospitals profitable." He suggests the principle of mass production and competition as a way out—mass production by the coördination of services in clinics and hospitals and competition among clinics and hospitals to effect maximum service at minimum cost. He also suggests another form of mass production in the use of credit unions to spread the cost of illness. Professor Carpenter raises his query after a special study of hospital service for patients of moderate means. To the question: "Can the patient of moderate means normally pay for his hospital bed, his 'extras,' his special nurse and his physician out of his own individual income?" he offers no answer but the non-committal reply that "It may be that he can. Some hospitals, at least, believe that he can and have set out to give him service on this assumption." But the fundamental question of whether adequate medical service for all the people of the United States in the future is to depend upon public subsidy or charity or can pay its own way is yet to be solved.

Nevertheless the various agencies which have been studying this problem and the relation of the average citizen to the world of medicine have accomplished much during the past year. The Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, now well into the third year of its five-year program of investigation, has developed considerable data as to the incidence of illness and extent of physical and mental defects in the country together with a review of the present medical facilities and particularly something as to the movement for adequate and satisfactory hospital service for patients

of moderate means. Among the facts disclosed it may be noted that there are something like five million people in the United States ill all the time, most of whom do not receive adequate medical attention at any price, while there are something like a million and a half people employed in the care and prevention of illness including 143,000 physicians, most of whom are employed but a part of their time. It is also clearly established that in spite of large doctor's fees in many cases and almost universal high cost of hospital service the average medical practitioner is underpaid, the average nurse receives no more than a living wage when yearly income is considered while the average hospital, even a hospital with considerable endowment, has difficulty in maintaining its financial solvency.

For this situation the physicians and the hospitals are responsible. The investigation to date indicates that there is a vast amount of lost motion in the present-day practice of the medical profession and its attendant services—hospitals but partially used, nurses averaging not much more than half-time employment; expensive equipment duplicated and idle much of the time; even most physicians themselves are only partially employed; their offices, office help, expensive equipment are only partially used; they are badly distributed geographically with an oversupply in the larger cities and great areas in rural districts without adequate service; there is no coördination between the service of the general practitioner and the specialists—in short, the catalogue of medical faults is a long one. On the other hand the actual cost of medical service in most communities is so high that persons of moderate means can face it only with the alternative of a crushing financial burden or the acceptance of a charity which galls them.

Out of these general conditions two movements are to be noted. The first is the increasing development of group practice among physicians in clinics or similar organizations and the other is the increasing attention on the part of hospitals to the needs of patients of moderate means. The Committee on the Cost of Medical Care has found that the number of physicians has not been increasing as rapidly as the population although the number of dentists has increased more rapidly than population and the number of nurses still more rapidly. The number of physicians to 100,000 population is greater in the United States than in any other country. While the increase has not been as rapid as the increase in population the improvements in transportation, the growth of office practice and other changes have counterbalanced the decreased ratio.

However, the distribution of physicians is inadequate. In 1927 South Carolina and Montana had only seventy-one physicians per 100,000 inhabitants while California had 200. The larger cities are greatly

oversupplied while many rural districts are relatively undersupplied—some of them with practically no supply at all. Hospital beds have increased from 421,000 in 1909 to 890,000 in 1928. Of the entire hospital-bed capacity of the country considerably over one-half is provided by the federal, state or local governments; over one-quarter is provided by non-profit organizations for public service; the remaining portion are in proprietary hospitals, mostly of small size. Clinics, health centres and similar institutions have increased from about six hundred in 1910 to about six thousand in 1926 and have been greatly on the increase in the past three years. Seventy percent of all hospital service in the United States in 1927 was rendered by institutions controlled by federal, state or local governments, such institutions including the large governmental hospitals for mental, tubercular and other groups as well as large general hospitals.

In some respects the most significant development has been in the extent to which the hospitals of the country have joined in the movement to provide service for persons of moderate means. Nearly all hospitals of the larger sort have made at least some change in the service offered, mostly in the direction of providing accommodations between the private room and the general ward. In 1908 about 28 percent of the beds in a stated group of general hospitals were in wards of ten beds or more. In 1928 only 7 percent were in such wards. The proportion of beds in semi-private rooms increased from about 10 percent in 1908 to 23 percent in 1928. In short, the chief change in hospital development has been in the way of providing vastly greater accommodations of semi-private rooms at the expense of the large ward system; in other words to accommodations which average from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day as distinct from the old ward accommodations below \$3.00 and the expensive private rooms which ranged from \$5.00 up—mostly up. The survey conducted by Dr. Niles Carpenter indicates that out of 132 hospitals reporting on future plans, 120 include special provisions for people of moderate means while twenty-one reported that they contemplate new construction primarily designed for the use of such patients. The Massachusetts General Hospital of Boston, for example, is now building a "hospital for people of moderate means" which is to contain 300 beds arranged in wards of nine cubicles, four-bed wards, two-bed, semi-private rooms and single rooms. The rates are to vary from \$6.50 per day for single rooms to \$4.00 per day for cubicles, the floor nursing to be so improved as to do away with the necessity of special nurses in most cases and all the existing laboratories and other facilities of the parent hospital to be placed at the disposal of patients while staff fees are to be limited. It is expected that on this basis the hospital will be self-supporting except as to capital charges.

Inasmuch as charges for special services in most hospitals run about 30 percent of the average hospital bill the innovation in Boston is of high importance.

Flat-rate charges for certain classes of cases have been adopted by some hospitals in order to lessen the unpredictability and unevenness of hospital charges. Many hospitals also have adopted systems of financial adjustment to ease the burden on patients. Most of these systems are based upon investigation of the patient's financial position and general credit including information not only as to salary or earnings but also information as to unemployment, debts, size of family, other illness in the family and similar factors. The most common type of adjustment of charges, however, is the reduction or remission of such charges. Deferred payment or instalment basis of payment has been introduced by some hospitals. A change also is noted in the way of closer coöperation between the physician and the hospital in their financial relations with the patient. In some cases the physician's fee is strictly limited by the hospital and in a few instances the hospital acts as agent in collecting the fee of the physician, thus unifying the cost of the illness. In other words there is increasing recognition of the fact that the interests of all concerned are best served when the cost of illness is regarded as a unit.

Development in clinic services has been especially rapid in the past few years and indeed in the past few months. A preliminary survey of various private group clinics in the central West and on the Pacific coast was conducted by C. Rufus Rorem in preparation for a thorough survey now being undertaken by Dr. Wilbur's Committee. There are not many such institutions now in operation, probably one hundred and twenty in all. The number of physicians in each clinic ranges from five to thirty-five although two groups are larger. Most of the clinics are located in states west of the Mississippi with Minnesota and Texas leading in the number of institutions. From the economic point of view the essential feature of these group clinics is the joint participation of the physicians in the services afforded and in the income of the group, the financial arrangements varying, of course, with various groups. From the standpoint of the patient the advantage lies in the service of general practitioners and specialists in one coöordinated service. Primarily these group clinics are not organized to reduce the cost of medical service, but their economic result is that through the saving of overhead and on the use of equipment and in the prevention of other losses they are in a position to reduce costs and usually do so. Some of them have introduced systems of flat charges for certain services and meet the needs of patients of moderate means in other ways. These clinics, in short, are in a position to enter upon that competition for maximum service at minimum charges which Mr. Filene advocates.

With the exception of the services of the pay clinics—usually attached to hospitals or other institutions and in which charges cover the cost of the service including remuneration for the physicians—and the movement among hospitals to provide special accommodations for persons of moderate means, both of

which movements in time may become important factors in the reduction of the cost of medical care it must be admitted that the great problem of what is to be done as to adequate medical service, including preventive service, for the great mass of the people of the country at rates they can afford to pay remains unsolved. The question is one not only of the high cost of medical care but also one of the cost of high medical care. People of moderate means are no more to be satisfied with medical service on the basis of the practice of twenty-five or even ten years ago than any one else; nor should they be. They demand, and should have, such care as the most modern methods and latest developments in the science and art of medicine can provide. Modern medical practice, however, rests upon scientific diagnosis and scientific diagnosis under any circumstances is expensive. Under the best of circumstances lower medical charges cannot be expected upon any other basis than a more efficient organization of the medical service of the country, or upon the basis of charitable or state subsidy. To most of the efforts so far made to reduce medical charges to suit the purse of the patient there is the ever-present and highly obnoxious objection that they partake of the nature of charity.

The average American, typified by the person of moderate means, will not willingly accept charity even when extended in wholesale, nor is there any sound reason why he should accept it or why the medical profession should be saddled with the necessity of offering

it. He believes, with an increasing show of reason, that an effective organization of hospital facilities and other medical agencies in the United States; a better organization of the medical profession with an abandonment of many of the archaic rules of professional ethics which now hamper reorganization; and a concentration of medical service in the form of clinics or similar organizations which will reduce overhead and employ all of the physicians all of the time and at the same time will afford more satisfactory medical service, will do much to reduce present costs and at the same time work to the benefit of the medical practitioner. Undoubtedly better hospital management, proper accounting in hospitals, the provision of more standard and less luxurious accommodations, closer union of hospital and physician in unifying the cost of illness, arrangements for the payment for medical care in instalments when necessary, and better coöperation between the profession generally and the health authorities to prevent the incidence of illness or to prevent serious development of initial illness—all these will serve to reduce the present burden of illness.

With the increase of data on which to base actuarial calculations the principle of insurance will doubtless be given increasing application. Group insurance already is practicable while the extension of practical insurance to communities is well within sight. There is also something in the Filene idea of mass production—another name for coördinated service in a medical plant employed to full capacity.

A REPRESENTATIVE AMBASSADOR

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

SIR ESME HOWARD would be exceedingly astonished to be taken as a symbol of anything, yet in fact he is a most striking symbol of a variety of things. His civil and military honors, received in a long public career; his rapid promotions through the grades of the diplomatic service, and the important negotiations entrusted to him are all truly merited and all real; every one is due to important service better than well done, but they are not the most impressive things in his career.

In his six years at Washington he represents in himself the passing and the beginning of an era. Too many men have gone under in that sharp break climaxed in the world war. He is one of the few who have bridged smoothly the great chasm, who have brought the old tradition with all its attributes into the new order, fitting perfectly into the best of today's idealism. He expresses, perhaps more perfectly than any, Stanley Baldwin's ideal of what the Conservative should represent in world politics as well as in the post-war reconstruction of England.

His family was known and prominent in Saxon times, before the coming of the Normans in 1066. The

head of the Howards ranks next today after royal blood. In the bitter religious wars of England, the confessorship of Sir Esmé's kinsman Philip Howard, not at all a pious man for a considerable part of his life, stands out in the annals of the Faith. Those English Catholics had harder going than any in Europe, between their political loyalty to the England they had built and their spiritual loyalty to the head of their religion. In other countries dissenters were organized in minorities too powerful and important to be harassed too continually, like the Huguenots of France. In Ireland where the old faith found such heroic defenders, there was strength for the persecuted in the very fact that the oppressor was also an alien conqueror; patriotism and religious zeal could go hand in hand. Not so in England. There could be very little consolation to those persecuted by their own blood brothers and torn between two loyalties.

In 1863, Sir Esmé was born in Cumberland, whence so many early American Catholics came, with Lancashire the very centre of Catholic resistance, and at Greystoke Castle with its 17,000 acres spreading over into the neighboring county of Westmoreland. Taken

only as the fourth son of his father, he typifies the essence of that English system which has produced such great administrators in the world: the home remaining in trust to one son, while younger sons go out to make their fortune and add lustre to the family tradition.

Taken simply as a Catholic, both the power and the vicissitudes of the Howards, together with those of the earls of Newburgh from whom his wife descends, make a tradition deeply rooted in England and in Rome, of faith tried by every circumstance of life, by prosperity as well as by adversity, which is the truest criterion of steadfastness. Lady Isabella is descended from that typical cavalier, Sir James Levingston, first earl of Newburgh who followed King Charles into exile. Her Scottish ancestress, granddaughter of Sir James, married twice; first the famous Irishman, O'Mahoney, a count of France, and later the brother of the tragic earl of Derwentwater, who was also executed after the rising of 1745. A daughter of the first marriage married Prince Giustiniani and her son died a cardinal and the last prince. Her daughters married the Princes Ruspoli and Odescalchi and the Count Sanseverino. In 1857 the claim to the earldom of Newburgh and other Scottish titles was allowed to Lady Isabella's grandmother and her father became eighth earl, Pope Pius IX granting to him all his ancestral honors.

At first sight such a family tradition on both sides would not seem to be a preparation for the democratic experiment of this modern era. Yet it is most completely so, and in the sense in which our own United States were founded. The civilization and culture which were growing here until the middle of the last century did not claim, in spite of the interpretation given to Thomas Jefferson's famous words, that all are equal and must remain equal. We recognized, as the Catholic Church recognizes, the nobility of democracy in the sense that men are different, that no barrier must be placed to the utmost development of the worthy and that the weak must be protected and respected. I think that concept of the citizen exactly expresses the conduct of Sir Esmé Howard's life: the most complete personal simplicity, a deep sense of responsibility for and to others, honesty and justice inherent in his very being.

In that grouping of characteristics lies the ideal of modern diplomacy as well as citizenship and it is exactly those qualities which have made him the most successful envoy ever sent to Washington by the king of England. We have had representatives of Great Britain who floated negotiations to success "upon a sea of champagne." We have had Sir Mortimer Durand whose kindness and sportsmanship endeared him; Spring-Rice, a capable and a devoted though worried public servant; Michael Herbert, a truly lovable character, and as successful because of that as any chief of mission; Lord Bryce, the centre of an intellectual group. All of these have been successful and all have wielded great influence, but no British envoy has ever possessed so widely as Sir Esmé the confidence of Americans in

general nor of so very many people of widely differing politics and prejudices.

He was nominated by Stanley Baldwin, Conservative Prime Minister, at a time when there was open and growing dislike of America in England and wide hostility to England here, and British propaganda was feared by many as an insidious poison, threatening our national life. It was not to be expected that Ramsay MacDonald would also choose just this tradition to turn a dangerous current and bring about the new liberal era in diplomacy coveted by Labor. Yet after hearing a public address by Howard that is exactly what he did, seeing in him at once the very man he needed; one who would, unconsciously, imbue diplomacy with a high spiritual quality. Sir Esmé symbolizes the new ideals of international relations because the ideals of all time were born in him and are part of his tradition and we are swinging around to them once more after long eclipse. The simplicity of the new ideal diplomacy is the simplicity of old Christian principles in application.

Perhaps these same characteristics of the true diplomatist were never better illustrated than when recently he was host to General Jan Smuts, the great Boer leader, against whom he won his war medal and four citations in the field.

Sir Esmé's administration is symbolic also of the merging of England into the British empire, that original American concept of democratic government.

The old, four-square, Victorian mansion on Connecticut Avenue, in which so much of Anglo-American diplomacy has developed, and four generations of Washingtonians have danced and international romances flourished (one ending in a Visitation convent long ago) has given place to the great new embassy building out on Massachusetts Avenue. The old one stood for generations expressing Great Britain. In the past six years it has taken on a new significance for it not only has housed the ambassador; it has been the centre for a new and imposing group, flanked imperially by the Canadian legation under a junior statesman of the first quality, the envoy of the union of South Africa, and the legation of the Irish Free State representing the new blossoming of Ireland; each independent but all coöperating in the work of the empire.

That transition from England to a British empire was symbolically illustrated recently in the last of Sir Esmé's state receptions, before the old house was closed forever. At the head of the wide staircase stood an enormous portrait of the young Queen Victoria in her coronation robes. At the foot stood a seven-foot highlander of the Black Watch, while a piper skirled in the gallery. Below, beside the Right Honorable Sir Esmé Howard, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.V.O., stood one Ramsay MacDonald, Labor leader, representative of the new era, Prime Minister of England, thinking perhaps of the new peers of England he must create under the king-emperor, to carry his industrial pension bills to democratic fruition.

MAYNOOTH

By PADRAIC COLUM

THE entrance to Saint Patrick's College is wholly unexpected: one goes through gates surmounted by slender sphinxes—the rococo where one expected to find the Gothic. This is the training ground for Ireland's priesthood: 500 students are here, young men mainly from the farmers and shopkeepers of the country. For three years they take the National University Arts course. But they do not go to Dublin for lectures; their degrees are conferred upon them here. For four years after they have taken their Arts degree they study theology. For seven years the candidates for the priesthood live lives that, except for holiday visits to their own people, are isolated.

The corridors have stone flags, the stairways are of stone, and are worn by generations of students' feet. I think how hardy these young men must be to go up and down these stairways and through these corridors on December or January mornings. Not all the candidates for the Irish priesthood go through Saint Patrick's College, Maynooth: there are older foundations—the Irish College in Rome, the Irish College in Paris, the College of the Irish Nobles in Salamanca and the Dublin diocesan college of Clonliffe. But while these colleges prepare students in dozens, Maynooth prepares them in hundreds. When one remembers that this has been done for over a century, and that there were and there are multitudes of ecclesiastics, not only in Ireland, but in America and Australia, who look to Maynooth as their alma mater, one is surprised to note how very little has been returned to the place.

One might expect to find equipment of every kind created out of a spirit of allegiance to the College. There are no halls, no learned foundations, that have come out of any such benevolence. Public benevolence in Catholic Ireland is very much wanting; Maynooth, with so little endowment from the multitude who have passed through her halls, is an example written large of this attitude. Maynooth exists on what was an annual grant made by the British government a century ago, and which has been compounded for 400,000 pounds, and on pensions paid by the students. Recently a sum has come to the College from a private source, and it is to be expended on an extension of the library. But I think there has been only one other such endowment in the whole course of its history. And so what is here is fine and well kept, but sparse.

I wish someone would endow a foundation that would help Irish priests toward an appreciation of pictures, statues, architecture. At present, what appeals to the most of them are the factory products of Munich. I suppose that the pictures and statues one sees in Irish churches are the worst that can be found in any quarter of the world. Maynooth has a church

by Pugin that is a fine one, if one can call a church fine that has nothing of the locality in it. I liked best its stalls of carved oak in which the choir of students sit and chant vespers.

Maynooth is popular—that is the first thing to realize about it—what is most general in Irish life is represented in Saint Patrick's College. As I walk down a gallery I look at portraits of bishops whom this College gave to the country—among them men who have taken great parts in public affairs. All of them are men of the country. One portrait in particular holds me: it is the portrait of Archbishop MacHale. Only the Irish race produces the type that is delineated here—the long upper lip, the wide, mobile mouth, the face that is at once powerful and sensitive, wise, humorous and austere. The type with the long upper lip, the craggy forehead, the long, penetrating gaze, is not as frequently to be met with now as it was in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, judging from the portraits of the period. Lord Russell of Killowen, in Sargent's portrait, is of this distinctive type.

And now the library. The windows are white and their tops are blue and starred with gold. A monastic table is in the centre of the room. At the end is an altar with a painting of the Descent from the Cross above it. There is striking color in the picture—the gold of the Magdalen's hair, the blue of garments, the white of the Body of Christ. Projecting to the table are high bookcases—twenty feet high, I think—with folios with their broods and litters of little books beside them: books with stained ivory, and blue, and brown bindings. I could never understand the matter or even the language of most of these books; they are curious enough and abstract enough to permit me to think of them as colors that harmonize with the notes of blue and gold that make this library removed from the usual exchanges of learning.

I look on a folio of Peter Lombard's lectures, and see the pages as magnificent printing; I look on the manuscript known as the Black Book of Limerick, and see it as remarkable scrivenery. And then I look on documents that come like projectiles out of the past. They are licenses that had to be taken out by students who came to Maynooth after its foundation. They show on what suffrance Maynooth existed in the beginning: magistrates declare that the young men who have come before them are well disposed toward the government and may be permitted to enter a Roman Catholic seminary.

I look at the successors of these licensed learners. In cubicles formed by the projecting bookcases a few sit at tables, and, in their soutanes, they look like mediæval clerks. One is copying a passage out of the Summa. Here is a life, I think, that goes back to

Scholastic days, and I wonder what possibility there is of these students becoming inspired by the great statements of Saint Thomas, so that they go forth from these halls to bring to their countrymen "that magnanimous philosophy," which, in the words of Louis Gillet, the French historian and critic, has

a generosity, a noble confidence in human nature, a manner of giving credit to it, and of counting for the rest on Divine goodness which is the tradition of humanism.

But one has only to think of the pastorals issued by the bishops who hold their synods here to know that this style in Scholasticism is not Maynooth's—not yet, at least. "Dreary" is the word that this historian Lecky used of the Irish bishops' pastorals of fifty years ago, and "dreary" is the word that still describes them. A magnanimous philosophy is certainly not their inspiration. And yet an Irish Catholic cannot stand within the halls of Saint Patrick's College and fail to be stirred by what has been accomplished in them. A little over a hundred years ago students began to come here. They came from a people whose cultural life had been brutally broken, and who had among them few men of liberal education; they came with licenses which stated that, although Roman Catholics were, strictly speaking, outcasts, a tolerant government would permit their being educated for their own peculiar priesthood. When they left Maynooth, these men had to be organizers, administrators, church-builders, leaders in political and social movements. They went into a world that was different from the continental Catholic world in as much as there was neither a traditional philosophy nor a traditional art that they could come in contact with. Stress was laid on the practical rather than on the intellectual side of the priesthood. But because of the decency of the lives of the men who came out of Maynooth, their helpfulness to their congregations, their understanding of and sympathy with the people, Catholicism in Ireland today is a great living force.

Maynooth is popular and Maynooth is practical. Its heads are giving attention not to philosophies but to conditions. Their first thought is discipline. They have produced no prelate with a philosophical temper or equipment, no one whose utterance has had a ring of universality, but perhaps they have prepared the way for the advent of such men. None of the Irish priests whom I know seem to think of Maynooth as a place where an intellectual life has been shared with others; the professors, it seems to me, do not think of themselves as being part of any corporate life; if I judge rightly, when they leave the lecture hall each goes to his own room and takes up his own particular private interest. And so these fine grey buildings on the plain of Kildare have something about them that is like a barrack as well as a college.

And something about them like a great country house. I am not surprised to see professors on good mounts going riding, and other professors going to

shoot in the coverts near by. In the quadrangle that the grey buildings form there is a garden of the kind that I like to see in Ireland—few varieties of flowers are in it, but there are many varieties of evergreens—myrtles and dark yews, and green Portugal laurels, and laurels with yellowing leaves. And these bright and dark greens are in great plenty, making a garden which an Irish autumn can do itself proud in. In this garden is a tree the like of which I have never seen before—a weeping beech.

THE LITTLE SPIRES

By DOUGLAS POWERS

THE little city of the sky was not azure, but dun, that morning in early January when we left the friend who had brewed for us his special chicory-flavored coffee, and went shivering across the open plaza, with the winds snarling down on us like great shaggy hounds from the hills. Up a sloping, narrow street, the twin towers of Saint Francis cathedral framed a section of the Sangre de Cristo peaks, pearly with snow and mist; and the greyness and dimness made it hard to think of the sunset coming with its gleaming spikes to make the mountainside run scarlet again with the Blood of Christ. And yet you feel that neither time nor man can change the names and the imagery that the brown-cowled Spaniards put upon this land and this place when they first brought the tabernacle here into the very aerie of the eagle. The towers of the cathedral tumbled a bronze clamor down on us. Santa Fé, city of the holy Faith, is, as you would have it be, full of the sound of bells, as leafy greenness is of the sound of birds. And in the court of the cathedral a weatherstained figure of Archbishop Lamy stands, reminding you, like the tireless tongues of the bells, of a heritage that is changeless.

It was revolt that was moving us, the revolt that comes like a madness sometimes when tuberculosis has been working its slow ruin for many years inside you. Defiance had been gathering in us simultaneously, and it was in an instant that we had agreed to break the oppressive captivity of bed and thermometer. Old Nick—if you will have it that way—had been prodding us, too, for days with particularly vivid memories of Albuquerque, and of the old Mexican woman who can get up tamales and tortillas and enchiladas that would make Sancho Panza wistful—and, of course, of the Bourbon whisky from Old Mexico. Lord and I still believe, however, without the slightest thought of irreverence, that it was his guardian angel. You should have Lord describe him to you. He is a fiery redhead, and has freckles. Lord calls him Mike, and tells me he has been extraordinarily good to him.

As our car swung out on the narrow, winding Santa Fé Trail, we were not entirely without compunction, as all frail mortal flesh—and particularly such as ours that had known so long the penitential discipline of sanatoria—has in the face of derring do. The day was as grey as tears, the horizons like the dreary walls of a sanatorium stretched to infinity. But then we passed the ancient church of San Miguel, and Lord brightened. It was like Mike standing there and calling out a "Buenas dias le de Dios!" from the days whose courtly speech is gone now from all but the lips of very old men.

If even the mountains look humble in that vastness and solitude, one cannot be long thinking of himself, however atrabilious the tubercle bacillus is making him. Ahead of

us the tallest hill on the horizon was like the mound of mud some small boy plays with, and the road wound sinuously like a pigmy river across the deep canyon and passed through a tiny cleft like a piece of thread running through the eye of a needle. With no sun, the great distances seemed shrunken, and the mountains huddled sullenly in their desolation of snow. It was a day for the buzzards to be out, a day for death and the things that follow death. Maybe it was that, and not the cold, that made us shiver. We wondered how life had ever come here and found this place, how human feet had ever dared the journeys that had built this trail. They had been dauntless feet, and hearts far sturdier than the hearts of soldiers had sent them on, pushed them on paths that had known only the shadows of the wings of birds and the trackless steps of Indians. But you can follow their march unfailingly. In every little village and town along the way, there stands somewhere among the poor adobe homes, the straw lean-tos for cattle, the pinched little fields with sheep or goats in them, the conspicuous church with its conical spire and tiny little cross.

At Domingo, Indians from the Pueblo had come in to wait for the stage and tourists. They were all we saw, just as they had been the only ones here when the padres first brought the cross and civilization to them. Their blankets and their strange brown faces could not be changed a great deal from that distant time of their fathers, and there across the tracks the padres had left their more imperishable memorial, a crumbling little temple you might mistake for a granary or byre if it were not for the airy, miniature spire.

After the thrilling descent of La Bajada, that makes you wonder how the legs of any man could have endured in the hope of passing it, the more habitable country brought more frequent signs of life; but everywhere, in village as well as in town, there were the little spires. At a bend in San Felipe, after you have passed stubble and stunted trees and skinny dogs that put a chill bleakness in you, two darkened, cupola-shaped steeples come suddenly swooping down on you like giant birds; we had both thought of them like that, and looked at one another later when a flock of desert orioles wheeled above us.

Coming home, the desolation of the day was softened by the melancholy of twilight. Along the tips of the Sandia range, the mists were gone, and a long strip of azure poured an amber light across the foothills. A loneliness as immense as the vast distances was gathering like the stir of a storm over everything, and the twinkle of a light from some far-off window was as friendly as the clasp of a hand. We shall never forget, Lord and I, approaching the little white spire of Algodones. In the ethereal shine from the frozen fields, it seemed, in the distance, like a silver chalice in the centre of a glory of candlelight. The memories were vivid in us when we passed back over La Bajada into the heights again. There the trail of the brown-cowled men went on, dauntlessly, deathlessly on, and it is always the same. Wherever man has stopped his journeying, and put a roof over him, there you can see a little spire. Like the huge cross on the hill out toward the Tesuque Pueblo, pointing its arms over mountain and canyon and belonging, like them, to that gaunt grandeur that crowds against the very sky, the memory of the Franciscans lives on through all this country, mingling with mountain and piñon-dotted canyon and plain in the mystery that you know only star and saint can tell.

Lord was happier when we were passing old San Miguel again. I suppose it was "Vaya con Dios!" Mike was saying. Mike would have said the courtly old thing that the Spanish—alas!—are forgetting now.

COMMUNICATIONS

PATENTED PROSPERITY

Ambler, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Would you kindly allow me to make a few observations anent Patented Prosperity, an editorial article in *The Commonweal* of February 19?

You say: "The ghost of the famous 'chicken in every pot' has, unhappily, come back to roost." True; and those who during the presidential campaign of 1928 flaunted in our faces cheap circulars that pictured and described so hopeful and palatable a condition, are finding that ghost to be a ghastly real entity. They prefer not to mention the legend of the "chicken in every pot." They would remove the roost from their own backyard, if that were possible. Not a word from them about the soup-lines that are today replacing the much vaunted "chicken in every pot!"

"Let us make it clear, at once, that we do not consider the health or malaise of business as in any way traceable to the government." More ghosts! And why the hurry, as implied in your "at once?" For, Mr. Editor, did you not ever hear of a man by the name of Mussolini, whose government any fair-minded critic must admit, saved Italy from conditions that obtain in Russia today? Was it not his leadership that lifted the red flags which were to be seen flying everywhere in the cities of Italy before his coming? *Noi ci siamo stati!*

"It is just as unfair and unfortunate to howl calamity as a political issue today as it was unfair and unwise to patent the chicken in the pot as a byword in the last campaign." Serene apology! For after all, who makes the political issue in this case? Is it not in the ultimate analysis the poorly paid workman and the unemployed, the victims of the present calamity, who make the issue? And do you dare say it is unfair and unfortunate for them to howl calamity as a political issue? Many, very many of them have awakened from the disillusionment of the "chicken in every pot."

And last but not least: "Mr. Hoover has an unparalleled opportunity to become a leader in actual fact by renouncing all title to being a leader in patented political magic." Why, Mr. Editor, we were told in the Fall of 1928 that Mr. Hoover was a leader! Surely, to renounce title to being a leader in patented political magic would be so much easier for him to do than further to renounce all title to being a leader in the government. Had your editorial article been written upon some such subject as Patented Leadership, giving us historical instances of real leadership in government, it might have been more fortunate.

REV. JEREMIAH F. COYLE.

OUR NEED OF A DAILY PRESS

Pakenham, Ont.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of January 29, Mr. William Markoe contributes a criticism of a previous letter of mine on the subject, *A Catholic Daily Press*. In the first letter, I inadvertently omitted to mention the *Catholic American Tribune*, of which I have been a subscriber since its first issue—ten years ago. After following closely the work of this excellent and only Catholic daily in the English language, the undersigned cannot see why, if the *Tribune* could keep in existence so long in spite of the comparatively small Catholic population of the district in which it is published, a Catholic paper in the larger centres should not have a better chance.

It would seem that before such papers can be established, some barriers to correct thinking on the matter must be re-

moved. When, for instance, men of Mr. Markoe's culture and learning are satisfied with the secular dailies, it will be easily seen how difficult it will be to convince the man in the street of the necessity of Catholic daily papers.

Mr. Markoe would use the secular press, as people use the taxi. Yes, but then respectable people do not drive around in taxis with all sorts of characters. The secular papers are much like garbage cans, with good, bad and indifferent stuff all mixed together. There are often in the same issue and on the same page, divine praises and blasphemies, high moral principles and immoral pictures and stories, sound philosophy and sophistry, panegyrics of the great and noble and laudations of divorced people, criminals and adulterers, apologies for Christ and attacks on the Virgin Birth.

In short, in the secular press and magazines, with few exceptions, God and the devil are given equal rights. Is it into this mixture of good and bad, truth and error, moral principles and immoral that the people of English-speaking America are to continue to go, to pick out from the mess the little good they might get, or must they continue to live indefinitely on mental garbage, with poison mixed with food? While the French, the Poles, the Germans and people of other tongues are publishing daily papers under Catholic control we see our English-speaking Catholic youth perverted by the paganism preached by the modern mouthpiece of mammon—the secular press, and their Catholicity stifled.

The so-called education they receive is about enough to permit them to read the debauching newspapers.

So long as Catholic writers and other leaders take such a lenient view of these papers, so much the longer must we wait for the overdue Catholic dailies. So long as well-meaning but unthinking Catholics are flattered by the little notices which these papers, for the sake of their circulation, pay to their little personal and society activities, just so much longer will we be without papers under Catholic control.

What is first wanted is a general righteous indignation not upon the part of the rank and file of the people, but among educated Catholics. These are the first who must grasp the importance and the necessity of a Catholic daily press.

At every turning-point of history, in the Christian era, the Church has met and overcome the chief obstacle. The press today is the chief foe with which she must contend. Catholics the world over must develop the press to the limit.

REV. GEORGE W. O'TOOLE, D.D.

COCKTAILS IN KANSAS

Hutchinson, Kan.

TO the Editor:—Since publication of my article, Cocktails in Kansas, in *The Commonweal* of February 5, my attention has been called to a misquotation. The statement of W. Y. Morgan, editor of the *Hutchinson News*, should have read: "Prohibition is not as well enforced in Kansas now as it was ten years ago." The Morgan editorial then discussed the increase in drinking and the reasons for the increase.

The statement "There is ten times as much drinking in Kansas today as there was ten years ago, and consumption is increasing rather than diminishing," should have been credited to Paul A. Jones, editor of the *Lyons Daily News*, another prominent and courageous Kansas editor.

This correction might be construed to add strength to an article already able to stand on its own feet, so to speak, but it should be made in the interest of absolute accuracy.

ERNEST A. DEWEY.

Manhattan, Kan.

TO the Editor:—I have read statements in the *Kansas City Star* describing conditions around Hutchinson, Kansas, which verify the article, Cocktails in Kansas, in *The Commonweal* of February 5.

I am inclined to believe that the conditions around Hutchinson are quite common over the state. It is a deplorable condition. In discussing the prohibition conditions with a Hollander in Amsterdam last year he remarked to me that he had read much on the subject, but he was not sure whether the American people were just trying to make others believe that they are a little better than the rest of the world, or whether they are so weak that the government must protect them to keep them sober.

Meeting the prohibition-law snoopers coming up the gangplank as I went down on arriving in New York, I too wondered whether we are a nation of hypocrites or of weaklings.

REV. ARTHUR J. LUCKEY.

SAINT THOMAS AND TEMPERANCE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your quotation in *The Commonweal* of February 5, 1930, on page 382, of Saint Thomas with reference to wine ought to be considered in connection with *Summa Theologica*, IIa, IIae, Question 149:

"No meat or drink, considered in itself, is unlawful, according to Matthew XV, 11, 'Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth man.' Wherefore it is not unlawful to drink wine as such. Yet it may become unlawful accidentally. This is sometimes owing to a circumstance on the part of the drinker, either because he is easily the worse for taking wine, or because he is bound by a vow not to drink wine: sometimes it results from the mode of drinking, because to wit he exceeds the measure in drinking: and sometimes it is on account of others who are scandalized thereby. . . . Sobriety is most requisite in the young and in women, because concupiscence of pleasure thrives in the young on account of the heat of youth, while in women there is not sufficient strength of mind to resist concupiscence. Hence, according to Valerius Maximus (ii I, number 3) among the ancient Romans women drank no wine. . . . Immoderate use of wine is a notable obstacle to the use of reason: wherefore sobriety is specially prescribed to the old, in whom reason should be vigorous in instructing others: to bishops and all ministers of the Church, who should fulfil their spiritual duties with a devout mind; and to kings who should rule their subjects with wisdom."

D. BEDE GRAY, Obl., O.S.B.

THE SCHOLA CANTORUM

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The Dom Mocquereau Schola Cantorum Foundation, Incorporated, wished to correct an error. It is a corporation organized under the laws of the state of New York for the advancement of Gregorian chant and liturgical music, according to the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius X. It was not founded at the Catholic University of America, at Washington, D. C., and has no connection therewith. Its work is general, and is not limited to any educational institution or other body or group.

JUSTINE B. WARD.

*President of The Mocquereau Schola
Cantorum Foundation, Incorporated.*

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Shaw's Apple Cart

IT MATTERS very little whether Shaw borrowed many of the ideas for his new play (one writer traces most of them to Belloc) or whether, to the best of his knowledge, he invented them, for it is an old and slightly fatigued and often fatiguing Shaw who wrote *The Apple Cart*. In England it may be the engaging and novel thing today to set up a defense of monarchy and to launch a thunderbolt at ponderous democratic machinery, to attribute brains to a king and empty skulls to parliamentary ministers. It may upset the intellectual apple cart of thousands of John Bull's best citizens. But an American audience may be justly pardoned for yawning under its programs when something called a play turns into hours of debate with a foregone conclusion about something which concerns the British empire alone.

Shaw is undoubtedly at his best when his indignation is fired, or his sympathy, or his latent religious instinct, and when the fires goad him on to a leaping attack. Shaw on the quiet and satirical defensive, championing what he considers an almost lost cause, is, by comparison, a dull and long-winded gentleman. That, I take it, is where his lack of a positive supernatural faith plays him a bad turn. One has only to compare him with Belloc or Chesterton to see the difference. They have abiding fires. They are equally concerned with defense and attack. They fight, let us say, for principles rather than mere ideas, for passionate beliefs rather than theories. They are always radical, for the good reason that humanity is always wandering away from first principles and thus always finds truth startling. Shaw, on the other hand, is the apostle of a transient idea—something which may seem bizarre one day and commonplace the next. The strength of his principles or theories depends on the tides of human thought, on the vagaries of popular opinion. His premises do not start with fundamental truths but rather with conditions of the moment. He is a reasonably good analyst in the sense that he can break up a popular idol into its all too fragile parts, but he has no particular concern in putting it together again. He is almost never a true radical because he never goes far beneath the crusty surface.

In *The Apple Cart*, which Shaw calls "a political extravaganza in two acts and an interlude," he uses the general forms of a play to rig up a demonstration of two major ideas and several minor ones. The major ideas are, first, that the masses have handed over a democratic birthright to a tiny group of professional politicians (surely not a very novel thesis) and, second, that the British king, with his power of veto and his assured tenure of office, is the last bulwark between the rights of the people and the vested interests of the politicians. The action of the play is set ahead about fifty years, to permit full satirical impact, and has to do chiefly with the effort of a British cabinet to reduce a clever and adroit king to a position of polite nothingness. King Magnus has been making sundry speeches reminding his subjects of his power of veto—a power very nearly forgotten in the political practice of the empire—and this renders him obnoxious and inconvenient to his ministers. They serve him with an ultimatum, demanding that he make only such speeches as the cabinet approves, and that he never again mention the word veto. After lengthy conferences, the King finally counters with the suggestion that he abdicate and offer himself as a candidate for the House of Commons. The thought

of having an ex-king in the house, able to speak freely and to tell the truth about parliamentary government is too much for a cabinet which realizes that the popularity of the ex-monarch would be so great as to insure his overwhelming success. The ministers yield.

By way of variety, Shaw also introduces comments on the control of government by big business, on the ineptitude of labor leaders, on the desire of the British people to think their king a libertine, and on the power of ridicule to shatter almost anything. The second act interlude is devoted entirely to a scene between the King and the woman whom England believes to be his mistress. The fact that she is not, and that the King is the most dutifully domestic of men, merely enjoying a mental change at tea time from family cares, furnishes Shaw with no end of amusement.

Still another ingredient of this political apple pie is the American ambassador who roars into the royal presence to announce that America has torn up the Declaration of Independence, canceled the sixty-year-old war debt, and announced her intention of returning to the British empire, on condition, of course, that the King assume the title of emperor as more fitting to the new proportions and grandeur of his realm. To the ambassadors' complete surprise, the King becomes quite unhappy at the news, foreseeing in the "merger" the ultimate and deplorable end of everything that has made England what she is.

I do not wish to create the impression that the play is a dull monotone throughout. There are many amusing passages, numerous eruptions of the old Shaw wit, and many ideas which, for all their special application to Great Britain, are well worth listening to. Others, such as the King's sweeping condemnation of religious education, are in the usual Shaw tradition. The main trouble lies in the lack of dramatic substance. It is as if the Shaw who took such pains to support the satire of *Arms and the Man* with drama had suddenly grown weary of pretenses and decided to speak his mind freely, regardless of theatre. Even this would be endurable were Shaw aroused to his best forensic manner—which, decidedly, he is not. (At the Martin Beck Theatre.)

Condemned

THERE are many reasons why *Condemned* is a talking film of importance. In the first place, in addition to Ronald Colman, its star, it makes use of three distinguished stage actors, Ann Harding, Louis Wolheim and Dudley Digges. Secondly, the dialogue was written by one of our best dramatists, Sidney Howard. In the third place, its sequences are exceptionally well arranged to convey the maximum impression with the least action and thorough suspense with the least resort to old tricks.

For the rest, it is a rather twisted tale of a convict condemned for six months to the French penal colony of Devil's Island who acts as house-boy to the warden and thereby falls in love with the warden's wife. The warden, of course, is made a rather bloated and despicable creature, the thief an utterly charming and intelligent young man, and the warden's wife the beautiful and innocent-eyed heroine whose avenue to happiness is finally opened when a second convict kills the warden. All of this familiar movie soup would be beneath comment were

it not for the minor touches and refinements lent by the very capable actors, Sidney Howard's succinct dialogue and some excellent photographic effects. It is pleasant to think that the work of capable artists can be multiplied for the benefit of those who live far from theatrical centres. Like many other films, *Condemned* means more in promise than performance. (At the Rivoli Theatre.)

The Vagabond King

IN SUCH plays as *The Vagabond King*, the talking screen comes nearest to achieving a special place of its own, distinct from the stage, in which it creates an illusion the stage can never quite capture, and in so doing brings intimately to life the spirit, fire and vitality of tradition.

It has long been apparent, in such screen productions as *Ben Hur*, that the motion picture could make up in flexibility a great deal of what it lost in direct human impact. The most elaborate theatrical production is limited, at best, to ten or twelve scenic sets. It is hemmed around at every point by the necessities of "on-stage action"—that is, by the need of crowding into one room or one place scenes which would naturally take place in a dozen different localities. Plausible excuses have to be manufactured to get this or that character off-stage while others confer or conspire. In desperate cases, the playwright has to resort to descriptions of off-stage battles, races, duels and the like. The result is never satisfactory and often tends to break the illusion and to give the audience time to realize that it is witnessing a mechanical play and not reality. The screen has always had complete inherent freedom in such matters. Action in three or four separate places can be shown almost simultaneously, thus adding to the cumulative effect of drama and showing with greater veracity and completeness the interaction of events and persons.

To add to this, the screen can convey a true sense of realism in outdoor scenes and in scenes of widespread action such as mobs, pursuits and storms. It has suffered only in the inability to recreate flesh and blood, and this through three obstacles—lack of speech, lack of color and, of course, its essential mechanical nature. Nothing, of course, will ever permit the screen to replace the living presence of human beings. But speech has now been added—and with rapidly increasing perfection—and so has effective color. For the first time, it is actually possible to debate whether the screen, with its vast flexibility and realism of effect, provides better entertainment than the stage with its one supreme asset of human presence. To my mind, the answer depends largely on the subject-matter of the picture. *The Vagabond King* is unquestionably a case where the screen has the better of the argument.

In the first place, it captures the illusion of a past age as the stage could never do—and this through intimate glimpses of a Paris whose streets and dark corners and chimney pots were an integral part of its atmosphere. Secondly, it permits a feeling of mass action, of night fury of the mob and of desperate battle beyond the city walls. Add to this a splendid vocal reproduction of Dennis King's superb singing, excellent results in technicolor photography throughout and much expert direction by Ludwig Berger. For rich and colorful entertainment, for the sweeping action of a romantic age, for stirring beauty of music, and for full sense of illusion, few forms of entertainment could surpass this production. It is emphatically one case in which the screen goes beyond the point of being a mere substitute for the stage and emerges, strong in its own right. (At the Criterion Theatre.)

BOOKS

For a Native Art

Art in America, by Suzanne La Follette. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$5.00.

FREQUENTLY one hears complaints that American art is not sufficiently American, and that artists must divorce themselves from European influences if they desire to develop a national art. Strictures of the sort have been especially audible since the recent exhibit of Painting by Nineteen Living Americans at the new Museum of Modern Art in New York. Perhaps someone discovered a hint of Cézanne in Max Weber's work, or of Matisse in Walt Kuhn's. But the attitude is by no means new. Miss La Follette describes a response given by the late Robert Henri to a similar argument several years ago. "It was not possible," he said, "to create an American art from the outside in; any American artist who developed himself and his art by the right study would produce American art quite naturally. So far as art is concerned, America is not a political unit but a geographical and spiritual environment. The artist brought up in that environment will show the influence in his work without having to try—in spite of himself, indeed—no matter how much he learns from foreign schools. Thus in the middle-ages, when Europe felt the unifying influence of a universal church, there were German, English, French and Italian variants of one fundamental mode in art, the Gothic. And in the modern period, with its internationalism due to easy and rapid travel and a world-embracing interchange of goods and ideas, the art of the western peoples remains fundamentally one art, with variants based on racial and cultural differences."

Miss La Follette too feels the question of a national art will take care of itself. The prime concern of the artist, in her opinion, is with the fullest development of his own powers of expression. For this reason, she proposes her book as a survey the object of which "has been to trace the development in America of the transplanted arts of Europe."

And though Miss La Follette admits the field has so greatly widened during the last century that any detailed consideration of it in a single volume would rather take the form of a dictionary of biography, she does succeed in touching on all the high spots of tendency and achievement with a felicitous effectuality. As Mr. Walter Pach says in the preface, her work is not one of those "tediously 'inclusive' histories," nor again one vitiated by patrioteering—"a booming of the home product to please people who want more evidence for the America first philosophy." It is a simply written, straightforward outline of artistic activities for the inquisitive "lay reader"; neither unduly complicated by aesthetic theorizing, nor aggravatingly opinionated regarding values—the product of an intelligent assimilation of several more specialized works on the subject ripened by an intimate contact with the actual artistic output in question, and set forth as unpretentiously as possible.

However, it is regrettable that in a survey of this sort, the subject of which is the American development of transplanted European arts, more space could not be devoted to the one art in which America has in its turn become an influence—namely architecture. That is to architecture since the beginnings of Sullivan and Root. It is very evident that Miss La Follette realizes the importance of America's achievement in this field. But so much time is given to that dreary middle reach of emasculate pastiche from the opening of the nineteenth century to the 'eighties and 'nineties. Merely Roman revival followed

by Greek, Greek by Gothic, down to Hunt's "chateaux" and McKim, Meade and White's regenerated "colonial." And so much consideration is extended the fusty academic painting of the same epoch, that Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright, easily the most dynamic contemporary in the Sullivan tradition, receives what might seem scant emphasis—perhaps due to his narrow American following. But his achievement remains. Too, in stating that Wright's work has had little influence on American architecture, Miss La Follette overlooks such pupils as his son Lloyd Wright, Chase McArthur, Barry Byrne, or R. J. Neutra who is at present working in Los Angeles.

But where Miss La Follette shows most effectively her realization of what is essential to the development of a characteristically national art is in her emphasis on the handicrafts and architecture of the early colonial period. What art then existed was practically all utilitarian. Form followed function, giving it a wholesomeness, a curious vital charm. Even the houses "were built not in terms of dead formula, but in terms of the life that was to be lived in them." The result was an unconscious illustration of the very consciously thought-out dogmas of Sullivan that were to provoke a revival of American art, a century and more later.

JAMES J. SWEENEY.

Anglo-American Adjustment

America and England?, by Nicholas Roosevelt. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

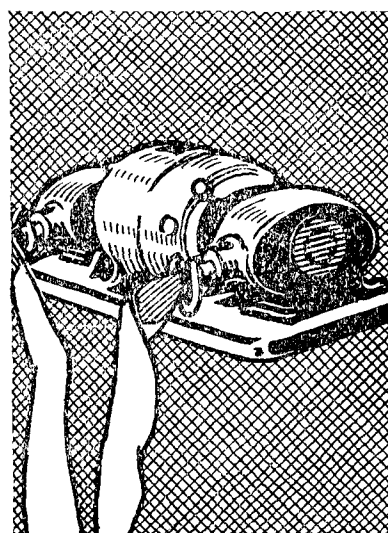
MANY a fine treatise has been written on the subject of better international understanding as the sine quo non of peace. But as George Malcom Stratton points out in his *Social Psychology of International Conduct*, such understanding must go deeper than that which the tiger has of the habits of his prey or the hunter of those of his game. In the full wisdom of such deeper knowledge Bernard Shaw told Mr. Dwight Morrow and Senator Reed of the American delegation to the London Five-Power Naval Parley that the United States "should build the biggest navy of all and rule the world as . . . [England] did for the last 200 years," calmly stating: "It is your turn." One is almost tempted to think that nothing would please the great world oracle and joker more than to see the United States try to relieve England of the white man's burden of world rule, which patently has grown all too heavy for Britain and, as Shaw well knows, too heavy for any nation.

For those who may have any doubt on that score there is enlightenment in store in Nicholas Roosevelt's recent book *America and England?* which, with a frankness unusual for the post-war period, reveals the essential reasons for Anglo-American industrial and commercial coöperation rather than competition, and naval agreement instead of either American or English supremacy.

The book is interesting chiefly for its prewar atmosphere. As of old it is once more admitted that nations are and should be guided in their commercial, political and military or naval enterprises by self-interest. The author shows quite convincingly how England, her skilful protestations of altruism and internationalism notwithstanding, has never been moved by anything else. He concedes that the same has been true of the United States. In the past England has held to the doctrine of continuous voyage as profitable, and has denied the freedom of the sea as unprofitable, for a blockading power. Today, confronted by the potential parity or superiority of the American navy, it is England which might well find it to her advantage to reject the one and acclaim the other. In 1812 the United

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NEXT WEEK

In the death of Cardinal Raphael Merry del Val, the world as well as Catholicism, lost "a man whose Mother Church . . . had brought into complete harmony the most admirable and distinctive traits of a cultured gentleman." Michael Williams, who pays this tribute to the former Papal Secretary of State in his *PLACES AND PERSONS*, recounts several experiences which center around the great figure of the late cardinal. . . . A hundred years have passed since the death of Lamarck, "the true founder of the doctrine of evolution," whose theories, rather than those of Darwin, are more generally accepted by the average believer in this doctrine. In *A CENTURY OF EVOLUTION*, Harvey Wickham reviews the progress of what he terms "a working hypothesis without experimental proof." . . . Looking for a job at any time is in itself a job which even the most courageous tackle with trepidation and little enthusiasm. Now when unemployment figures reveal a sorry state, the task is even more disheartening. Paul Brown's *I HUNT FOR A JOB* is a narration of the vicissitudes he met in a large city when he found it necessary to find work. . . . Julius Weber's article, *MEXICO IN FACT*, which describes some of the vital elements that contribute to the current situation in the Mexican republic, and which was crowded out of this week's issue, will appear next week. . . . Etienne Gilson has recently published a book on Saint Augustine which is a fine exposition of the saint's philosophy and which goes far toward discovering the order that is inherent in the body of his doctrine. In *A SOUL'S GUIDE-BOOK TO GOD*, Samuel Putnam contributes a splendid analysis of both the philosophy and M. Gilson's part in revealing its actual integrity.

States fought England for the freedom of the sea. During the Civil War nothing but fear for the union prevented the United States from coming to blows with England because the latter insisted upon trading with the Confederate states. Relations between the United States and England were tense during the world war because England, as in 1812, interfered with American neutral trade. For both England and the United States lived mainly by commerce. To have commerce they must secure access to raw material where it is to be had most cheaply, and to markets where they can sell their goods most advantageously. So the question of continuous voyage and the freedom of the sea will have to be settled some day either by war or by agreement.

When the world war came to an end England realized that for the threat of the German fleet, then at the bottom of Scapa Flow, she had exchanged the infinitely greater danger of the navy of the American associate in the war, a danger all the more sinister because the United States refused to cease building new ships as requested. The decade since the war has demonstrated the other equally disconcerting fact that the German rival, cut off from many of his best markets and deprived of the ships in which to carry his goods, has found a successor in America with her unexpected industrial intensification and commercial expansion. To be sure, in 1919 Lord Robert Cecil stated that if he were British minister of the navy and saw that British naval safety was being threatened, even by America, he should have to recommend to his fellow-countrymen to spend their last shilling for their safety. This may, as Nicholas Roosevelt writes, still be "the attitude of nine out of ten Englishmen," but Viscount Cecil today and those responsible for English naval safety at the present time have quite apparently discovered that such safety can be assured more easily by limitation of the English naval program than by the attempt at outbuilding the United States. The parity which Britain refused at the Geneva Conference in 1927, she has been ready to concede after President Coolidge's plain speaking on Armistice Day, 1928. That concession implies the renunciation of an attitude for which Britain has five times gone to war against commercial and naval rivals. It implies the abandonment of British supremacy, naval and otherwise.

This does not mean, however, that supremacy, commercial or naval, thus falls to the lot of America. "The problem now," Mr. Roosevelt writes, "is not one of leadership but of adjustments." Plainly in doubt about the result and rejecting the idea of an alliance, he advocates "a form of partnership which would be based not upon rivalry but on the pursuit of common interests to mutual advantage." He concludes that "this is the only sound basis for an enduring pax Anglo-Americana."

American and English readers may properly hail Mr. Roosevelt's book as the product of remarkable experience and practical wisdom as far as Anglo-American relations are concerned. But even American and English critics may well wonder whether the author's scorn for idealists, pacifists and international propagandists extends to the League of Nations, the Kellogg pact, and other efforts of the sort. Even as Americans and Englishmen they must see the fly in the ointment of Mr. Roosevelt's Anglo-American peace. For in this remarkable book the entire non-English-speaking world seems to figure, in so far as it serves as a source from which America and England may draw raw material and as a market for their goods, or as a potential challenger of Anglo-American peaceful world exploitation. If their knowledge and understanding extends beyond the lands where English is spoken, they must realize the apprehension prevalent in the non-English-speaking world of what it may

or may not expect from the joining of English experience and American skill, English prestige and American power, English calculation and American wealth. They must see that the concepts of pan-Europe and pan-Asia are twins born of fear and the will of self-preservation. They may well nourish and express the hope that Mr. Roosevelt will soon present us with another volume, broadening the proposed Anglo-American partnership into world coöperation and extending the pax Anglo-Americana to a pax humana.

JOHANNES MATTERN

Poor Richard and His Times

Franklin, by Bernard Fay. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$3.00.

PROFESSOR Fay has written a biography of Franklin which is far more interesting than many novels. True to the tendency which James Harvey Robinson—with too much optimism in some cases—ascribes to modern historical writers, the author follows “the example of great story-tellers and dramatists . . . inclined neither to applaud nor blame but to describe and narrate.” M. Fay is historically-minded and detached.

Franklin appears against a clearly drawn eighteenth-century background, a very necessary setting for his versatile career. Franklin's particular type of genius, practical and manifested chiefly in scientific and political spheres, was fostered by a century which might have stifled a Raphael or a Francis of Assisi.

M. Fay gives an unforgettable picture of that period. The Boston of Benjamin's boyhood is surveyed with a critical keenness suggestive of James Truslow Adams's Revolutionary New England. There are the petty jealousies and political tricks which disgraced the Philadelphia of the confederation and one catches glimpses of the brutality and licentiousness of eighteenth-century London. Incidentally, the author's account of political life in England at that time would give small comfort to two distinguished Americans who told their compatriots during the world war that the American Revolution was the creation of Britain's “German king.” Professor Fay is not so ingenuous in his appraisal of the political situation. One only wishes he had laid more stress on the complicated economic forces behind the conflict.

Deist and Mason, Franklin accepted the fashionable religious and philosophic notions of his day. M. Fay makes clear that his ethical principles were utilitarian and bound up with his social and business aspirations: “Sometimes he was to neglect a little the first, the sixth, the eighth, and some say even the tenth commandment, but . . . no one found anything to say to him on the subject of the seventh commandment. Perhaps it was for this reason that the eighteenth century and posterity have found him so bourgeois.” Shrewd, clever, kindly, industrious and tenacious, with a pronounced flair for science and politics, in spite of enmity and opposition—though his friends were legion—he rose to a dominant position in international affairs.

Professor Fay puts an emphasis not to be found in former biographers of Franklin on his early loyalty to the British government and his dreams of an Anglo-Saxon empire. From these dreams he was rudely awakened.

The author tells anew the ever-interesting story of Franklin's sojourn in France. Here, as throughout the book, there are bits of sly humor. Somewhat later in the narrative, M. Fay's account of the peace negotiations calls to mind what Charles Downer Hazen was able to do with the Congress of Vienna. Though here the play was on a smaller stage and there was no

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Father Clifford's two lectures will be given on March 14 and March 28. Since the capacity of the hall where the lectures will be held is small, reservations should be made early as tickets for the individual lectures are assigned in order of application.

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Talleyrand in the cast, it provided this twentieth-century historian with material for jest. For example, "Franklin had no faith in George III, Adams had none in Vergennes, who had offended him, and Jay distrusted all the French ministers on general principles, being of Huguenot origin. Laurens distrusted everyone, because his long prison term had soured his disposition. Adams thought that Franklin was an atheist of no morality, and Franklin thought that Adams was a madman, who was all the more dangerous as he was honest."

The English version of this book has been admirably made. There are only a few slips—like "Parliament" when obviously the parlement of Paris is meant—throughout the numerous pages. M. Faÿ has covered a vast amount of research and a careful synthesis, with that perfect art which is the concealment of science. The result will delight the general reader and never offend the scholar.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

Stories of the Foundresses

Great American Foundresses, by Joseph B. Code. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$5.00.

GREAT American Foundresses by Reverend Joseph B. Code is a volume of exceptional short stories covering the life interest of sixteen wonderful women who have contributed to the foundation and development of great centres of Catholic charity and learning in America. Readers who enjoy reliving the pioneer days of this romantic country will discover in *Great American Foundresses* new vistas for the mind's eye. And those who have gleaned some share in the mystic life in the hinterland of the soul, will be able to read between the lines a spiritual message.

The jacket announces that the author is preparing a second volume covering the biographies of sixteen additional American foundresses. Naturally, the collecting of historical material for biographical work is both serious and difficult. However, it is interesting to know that the sisters are coöperating to the fullest extent in assisting Father Code in his brave attempt to give these foundresses the honor due their place in American life. To have undertaken a task so exacting and to have translated a mass of historical data into charming stories is evidence of the supreme intent of the author to make these great and holy foundresses better known and better loved. To all who have had the honor and the privilege of seeing at close range the marvelous work of the sisters these two volumes of *Great American Foundresses* will be welcomed not only as a historical record but as a merited tribute to all those who "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

CLARA D. SHEERAN.

Beauty Out of Fog

Tu Fu: The Autobiography of a Chinese Poet, by Florence Ayscough. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.00.

OUT of the long past of China the poems of Tu Fu emerge as thrushes might from a dense fog. They are lyrical and yet bound up with the earth beneath the fog—which means that Tu Fu wrote about the actual life of his time, rich in domestic and street scenes but overwhelmed by a catastrophic war resembling more than a little the present troubles of the Chinese. Miss Ayscough has arranged her versions so that they constitute an autobiography of the poet, whose story is carried in this first volume to A.D. 759. He was a poor scholar, who learned much and reared his family as best he could, but his favorite

days were obviously those spent in the service of the emperor and so of the country. How remarkably vivid and true this old record seems! And the oriental stoicism which everywhere comes to the surface is as clear and pleasant as the remembered talk of one's own grandfather.

Much of Tu Fu's verse has been available in translations accessible to those who know European tongues, but it is safe to say that Miss Ayscough's edition is at once the best rendering and the best ordering of these poems. Her method, difficult to describe, may be compared to Beraud's system of translating Homer, in so far as both endeavor to reproduce significance rather than verbal assertion. But since she has wrestled with obviously more intricate difficulties her reward is, in a sense, greater. The present reviewer is quite unable to read even one Chinese character. He feels, however, that he is in a measure able to divine how Miss Ayscough's imagistic prose came out of an old picture language. It is hard to see how such poems as *Traveling to the North* can be kept out of future anthologies, so interesting and suggestive are they.

How large a share of the fascination of this book is due to the commentary which interleaves the stanzas of Tu Fu it would be hard to say. Always manifestly well informed, it is written with real affection and pleasure. One enjoys every page of it. There are few treatises, indeed, which serve better as introductions either to Chinese art or to Chinese historical life.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Masefield Home Again

The Hawbucks, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THE evident joy John Masefield takes in writing a novel marks the pages of *The Hawbucks*. In it he is home to the English countryside from adventures, swashbuckling and marine. And he is as happily home as his hero, George Childrey, who returns from roving America to take up in his ancestral dwelling the placid life of the squirearchy. For George Childrey left an England still somnolently winking back toward the centuries, an England of the landowner who rejoices in his fertile acres and who feels responsibility toward his tenants, and he does not wish to find the changes which so many of his neighbors were confusing with progress. In consequence Mr. Masefield, in love with the old, the picturesque and the good, readily identifies himself with his character and immediately engages his reader's sympathy with the struggle going on to preserve all that George had held dear in his years of absence. Such sympathy naturally involves a wish that he should have his heart's desire and, since Caroline Harridew quickly answers that description, one feels that the author after all the difficulties have been posed and resolved will write his final chapter around the Harridew-Childrey nuptials.

But here Mr. Masefield, as in *Odtaa*, takes delight in cheating expectations. He gives over Caroline to George's oily brother.

The book moves with easy grace from scene to delightful scene. Rural England unfolds as a panorama viewed while ascending a mountain. And if George Childrey does not marry Caroline, the sought-after and the beautiful, it is more logical, yes, more happy that he should marry her natural sister, Maid Margaret, the snubbed, the beautiful and the rooted to the soil—more happy because George represents rusticity against the urbanity of his brother, Nick, and he could not have been content with a wife whose eyes, resting on gardens and lawns, should see beyond them serried buildings and asphalt.

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**CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING****Briefer Mention***Dante Gabriel Rossetti, by R. L. Megroz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.50.*

MR. MEGROZ is a careful worker, whose Francis Thompson will doubtless be remembered by many. In view of the temporary obloquy which seems to have settled upon the pre-Raphaelites, it was an excellent idea to single out the figure who most permanently represents them. The book is, perhaps, a biography rather than a criticism, and its chief purpose may be described as an effort to set the mind and personality of an extraordinary creature in the proper perspective. Rossetti's background has seldom been described with so much discerning sympathy, and the relationship with Lizzie Siddal is traced deftly. One feels sure that few lives have been compounded of more vivid emotional contrasts than Dante Gabriel's. He was far from thoroughly healthy of body or of spirit; and yet Mr. Megroz has no difficulty in proving that he was not in the least responsible for the outbreak of decadence championed by Oscar Wilde. The critical portions of the new biography seem less satisfactory. There is an interesting chapter on the Dantesque phase of Rossetti's experience, but the rest of the discussion is fairly tenuous and sometimes quite lecturish. But the method is Mr. Megroz's curious way of dealing with imagery, so that a good deal depends upon the recipient. As a whole the volume is a really notable addition to our Rossetti bibliography.

Travel Talk, by Margaret A. O'Reiley. Boston: The Meador Publishing Company. \$3.50.

ONE has not her word for it, but one is convinced that Mrs. O'Reiley traveled through Europe in a van full of books. In *Travel Talk* are unusually copious notes on the history and manners of the more popular cities, resorts and shrines of pilgrimage from Sicily to London, together with some account of the author's adventures. It is a weighty book, but, one discovers upon looking into it, not nearly so frightening as it looks.

No Tomorrow, by Brigit Patmore. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00.

MORBID introspection and erotic interludes complicate the story of two love affairs between youthful litterateurs in the upper circles of English Bohemia. Everyone is amusing and beautiful and egocentric, and of course artistic to a degree. But they are never quite alive. *No Tomorrow*, we regret to say, is a disappointment.

CONTRIBUTORS

E. ALLISON PEERS, English educator and general editor of the *Manchester Spanish Series*, is the author of *The Poems of Manuel de Cabanyes*; *Book of the Lover and the Beloved*; and other books.

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